



ISSUE 2

£2.75

LITTLE WHITE LIES

Truth & Movies

**THE
SIN CITY
ISSUE**

**THE
WORLD'S
DEADLIEST
CITIES**

**THE
DANDY
WARHOLS
STRIPPED
BARE**

**HOLLYWOOD
GOES
HARDCORE**





**"THIS AIN'T NO
BAR-ROOM BRAWL.
THESE ARE THE
BAD DAYS. THE ALL-
OR-NOTHING DAYS.
THEY'RE BACK."**

TOPRA DISTRIBUTION
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CHAPTER ONE

IN WHICH WE DISCUSS SIN CITY

RELEASED BY JONAS
DIRECTED BY
FRANK MILLER
MUSIC BY JAMES NEWTON HOWARD
CASTING BY JAMES NEWTON HOWARD

CASTING
BY FRANK
MILLER

STORY BY JAMES WILLIS
SCREENPLAY BY JAMES WILLIS
DIRECTED BY FRANK MILLER
CASTING BY JAMES NEWTON HOWARD
MUSIC BY JAMES NEWTON HOWARD

What's black and white and red all over? **Frank Miller's Sin City**, the most violent comic book film you'll ever see.

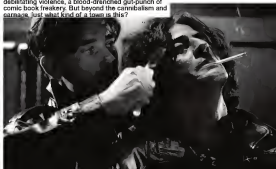


THE BELLEVILLE
SARGENT
WILLIAMS OF
THE VIOLENT

THE
SARGENT
WILLIAMS
WILLIAMS

THE
SARGENT
WILLIAMS
WILLIAMS

It begins with a warning: Shot & Cut by Robert Rodriguez. That isn't the half of it—choose your method of mutilation, they're all on display. Sin City is a smash happy horror show of debilitating violence, a blood-drained gut-punch of comic book freakery. But beyond the cannibalism and carnage, just what kind of a town is this?



LOBBY
FOR
LST.

SHOPS, TIRING,
HAY, LAM, GLOVES,
TURNS, KACKE
WINE, RATTLES,
GLAZES, AND MY
MITTS.



Frank Miller's kind of town. *Sin City* is the killing joke of the Batman scribe and comic book legend. After making his name on Daredevil and the seminal *Dark Knight Returns* in the 1980s, Miller ushered in the nineties with his first solo venture: an episodic guignol of broads and bullets spanning a loosely structured 13-part run; a distillation of American pulp set in the back alleys and whorehouses of Sin City.

At first reluctant to part with the rights, Miller succumbed to one of the few figures in Hollywood with the vision, and the stomach, to bring *Sin City* to life. Robert Rodriguez is a rare specimen – a movie hoosier with a seat at the high table. A technophile and a passionate comic book fan, one proof of concept was all it took for Rodriguez to get Miller on board.

That proof of concept (eventually to become the movie's prologue) set the tone for an adaptation of three of *Sin City*'s most gruesome yarns. In *The Hard Goodbye*, the scarred killer Mary (Mickey Rourke) is out for revenge on a cannibalistic serial killer working for the church. *The Big Fat Kill* is the story of the whores of Old Town and their battle for control of the city after crooked cop Jackie Boy (del Toro) is murdered on their turf. *That Yellow Bastard* bookends the *Sin*. Following a long incarceration for seducing the son of a powerful senator before he could rape a young girl called Nancy, Hartigan (Bruce Willis), *Sin City*'s last good cop, is released and hooked into taking her down. The senator's son, now hideously deformed, comes looking for payback.

The bare bones of *Sin City* dip a toe into Miller's imagination, but it doesn't come close to capturing his deranged artistry. It's

a collision of two classic American traditions: the comic book, with its school-boy dreams of heroes, and pulp, a literary godhouse of shadows and cynicism, a vision of the anti-hero etched in grey.

Shot in full colour against green screen backdrops, then converted to high quality black and white, *Sin City* is a landmark of the digital age. Though the technology it employs is no longer ground breaking, it's a film of unique beauty – a heady brew of high-resolution wizardry splashed with droplets of resonant colour, at once gorgeous and portentous. In a moment, as Josh Hartnett strides out onto a rain-swept balcony and that blood-red dress ignites the screen, the clichés of a tired genre are reinvigorated.

"MILLER WRITES LIKE THE DEVIL, BUT HIS ILLUSTRATIONS ARE GIVEN TO WILD GROTESQUENESS."

Though Rodriguez is at pains to give the credit for this style to Miller (even reserving his place at the DGA to secure the writer a co-director nod) his own role shouldn't be underestimated. Miller writes like the devil, but his illustrations are given to wild grotesqueness. The panels of a comic book can contain this exaggerated, aggressive style, but to big screen audiences retrained on Spideeman it's an unfamiliar evocation of the serial book universe. Rodriguez brings a sense of clarity to these images - stripping them down to raw without denting their grandeur. Giving flesh to the ink is a bewildering array of talent. It's a small miracle in itself that the gravitational pull of *San City's* star power doesn't tear the movie in half. Quite the reverse. This is a movie that needs star power. Not to sell it, but because Miller's characters are such ferile expressions of nihilistic ideas that it's impossible to imagine *cinemas* filling their shoes.

Bruce Willis hasn't looked this alive since *Die Hard*. It helps too vigorous to play a cop one heart breaker away from permanent

retirement, at least it mollifies his relationship with Nancy - an old man's steady with fulfillment. Del Toro and Owen provide the usual Environments, Jessica Alba and Rosamund Dawson are a finely weighted balance of murderous beauty, but the revelation is Mickey Rourke. He's had his finger on the self-destruct button for longer than some of his co-stars have been alive, and he finds in Mary an outlet of bloody redemption. He's a sadist and a killer, but in Rourke's hands he's also a victim of painful self-awareness, and it's his own suffering that is the most shocking.


Equally revelatory is the script, a hard-boiled filter of Alan Moore, Orson Welles and Raymond Chandler, ripped straight off the page of Miller's original. The phrase 'comic book' has been a condescending prefix in critic speak for too long. It's a breathe of air to hear it as an art in itself - a sort of twenty first century blank verse finessed by one of its greatest voices. At times it



ILLUSTRATION
FOR
BAPTISM
ON
THE FACE

ALLER MICHOMO TO
VIO AND THE JASON
WALKER. WHEN HE
WAS KILLED, A
SAY. THE MICHOMO
WAS KILLED, THE
WELL TAKEN HIM TO

THE MICHOMO
WAS KILLED
THE MICHOMO
WAS KILLED



walks a fine line between high camp and low grit, and some of the cast struggle to do it justice, but it cracks off the screen like a spark of electricity.

But for all its looks, its life and talent, *Sin City* never truly escapes its origins. In a sense there's something admirable about this. Comic books have long been a bastard child. Can't satisfy craving acceptance and attention instead of demanding respect on their own terms. In *Hollywood*, comics are part of the fabric of cultural identity, a cornerstone of national myth making. And yet even in their moments of triumph comics (and comic book fans) have been abused and ridiculed by Hollywood. Minored and manipulated, but never taken seriously.

Sin City is a bold attempt to redress this balance—not an adaptation but the transmutation of a comic book classic to the big screen. *Frank Miller's* *unadaptable*, but *undeniably* *unapologetic*.

This is not a work that needs to leech credibility from the movies. These panels, stretching page after page, dated, fractured, crosshatched, shadows rolling with dutched angles and queasy perspectives represent an infinity of time and possibility that movies can't replicate. No amount of jump cutting or high-def visual psychedelics can replace the greatest asset of comic books: stillness. Comic book artists have a thousand ways to draw movement and speed, but the most vivid moments of kinetic energy are just that—moments frozen in time. They have space to breathe, to stop and be drunk on. And between each panel is the trilliest of gags filled with the imprinted experience of half a century of comic mythology. Each panel unique to itself but irrevocably enriched. Cinema replaces silence with chatter; composition with cacophony.

So who is it for, this giant comic, injected with noise and movement and run like a ticker tape across the big screen? In movie terms, these three films are as exotic to the point of incoherence, lacking any kind

THE
SIN CITY
RULE

JOY REARD
AND I'M OUT
OF MY MIND

IF YOU DO MUCH AS
TALK TO ME, I
WILL TALK TO YOU
IN THAT TALK-
ING TO A WOMAN



"THE REVELATION IS MICKEY ROURKE. HE'S HAD HIS FINGER ON THE SELF-DESTRUCT BUTTON FOR LONGER THAN SOME OF HIS CO-STARS HAVE BEEN ALIVE, AND HE FINDS IN MARY AN OUTLET OF BLOODY REDEMPTION."

MY WARRIOR
BEGUN MY
VALLEY
TOGETHER
WE MADE A MASS
AND NEVER

NEVER, THEN
TELL, HART-
TULL, FROM BE
JOYFUL, TULL
TULL, TULL, TULL

THERE'S NO PLACE
IN THE WORLD
FOR OUR KIND OF
FOR ALWAYS AND
NEVER, IF I HATE
TO DEEPER YOU
TOGETHER, I WILL

of subtle to be them together beyond some empty idea of sacrifice and revenge. As a fan, Rodriguez has nothing to give the story beyond his services as a transcriber. He has no life of his own to offer.

In that absence, Sin City is a token to the fan community, a salute to both the wounds of Hollywood's rough ride. But pandering to the people most equipped to appreciate Miller's work in its original form is a huge mistake.

It offers nothing but the illusory satisfaction of the tail wagging the dog—of Hollywood following where cinema lead. This is desperately ill advised. Comics are unique. They don't need to earn credibility in anyone else's eyes, just as the works of great authors have never needed to. That's not to say that comic book adaptations should never happen, but they should never be perceived for their own sake. Superman, Batman and Spiderman are different—they've long been explored by different

voices, and they grow and evolve with each new tale. But Sin City is none of it. A story that's been told, and told perfectly. Why carve any more than that? And what of the future? Why carve any more of Watchmen or V for Vendetta? What else do they have to say that hasn't already been said?

These are disquieting times for comic book fans. Do they embrace this idea of acceptability dangled by Hollywood,

or do they have the confidence to turn away? It doesn't have to be about elitism, it could be as simple as understanding that the value of comics is something far more precious than box office forecasters can perceive.

They say that if you walk down an alley in Sin City you can find almost anything. Go look for yourself, you might be surprised at what's out there.



Anticipation. It seemed like the second coming of comic book movies. A no-nonsense re-imagining of the limits of the genre. Fear.

Enjoyment. Saw City as a thrilling collision of art and violence. But it's hampered by its faithfulness to the source. Fear.

In retrospect, this is not a question of how great a movie Sin City could have been, it's about figuring out what critics want to be. One.

CRITICS' CHOICE
THE BEST

'THE MOST SLINKY-HIPPED, SLEAZY-POETIC & PROFOUNDLY HEARTBREAKING MOVIE THIS SIDE OF THE NEXT MILLENNIUM'

**"THE CINEMATIC HIGHLIGHT
OF THE YEAR"**

WHAT'S NEW

**'RAVISHING, PROVOCATIVE
& DEEPLY MOVING'**

Figure 1

**"A FILM OF EXTRAORDINARY
POWER"**

INTRODUCTION

FILM OF THE MONTH

ATTITUDE

"MESMERISING"

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

★★★★★ ATTITUDE

★★★★ WHAT'S ON

★★★★ TOTAL FILM

★★★★★ **SHOTDOG**

★★★★★ UNCUT

★★★★★ **THAT**

★★★★ 伊藤園

MYSTERIOUS SKIN

A FILM BY GREGG ARAKI

CASTING BY JAMES M. HANCOCK. COSTUME DESIGNER JAMES M. HANCOCK. HAIR AND MAKEUP BY JAMES M. HANCOCK. PRODUCTION DESIGNER JAMES M. HANCOCK. EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JAMES M. HANCOCK AND JAMES M. HANCOCK. PRODUCED BY JAMES M. HANCOCK. WRITTEN BY JAMES M. HANCOCK. DIRECTED BY GREGG ARAKI.

18

STYLING: JANE WILSON; HAIR: JANE WILSON; MAKEUP: JANE WILSON; PROP STYLING: JANE WILSON; SET DESIGN: JANE WILSON; COSTUME DESIGNER: JANE WILSON; EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: JANE WILSON; PRODUCED BY: JANE WILSON; WRITTEN BY: JANE WILSON; DIRECTED BY: JANE WILSON

JERRY LEE, JR. 1945, ARK. 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648,

A FILM BY GREGG ARAKI

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Manuscript available on
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RENT FORTISSIMOFILMS



NOW SHOWING IN CINEMAS NATIONWIDE



18

just level his neck back. He level them for the pictures and stories they came out, the importance and importance of five hundred *young boys* dressing up as hard as they could for fifteen years, transfiguring their memories and delusions, their wishes and their doubts, their public statements and their sexual preferences, into something that only the most paranoid of men would have dreamed of. That was *magic* – not the apparent *magic* of the sick-killed card-palace, or the bold, brute trickery of the *magic* actor, but the genuine *magic* of art. It was a mark of how fucked-up and broken was the world. That made a few of *magic*... should certainly be intensely desired.

The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier and Clay
(c) Michael Chabon 2000

CHAPTER TWO

IN WHICH WE INTRODUCE OURSELVES

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Ladies & Gentlemen



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CHAPTER THREE

IN WHICH WE DISCUSS THEMES
OF UNCOMMON INTEREST INSPIRED
BY OUR FEATURE FILM

THE REAL SIN CITIES



Wish you were here? *LWLies* braves some of the world's most dangerous cities.

WORDS BY MAT SMITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL WILLOUGHBY

Detroit, USA

Formerly the center of automobile manufacturing in the US, the wheels came off between the 1970s and the 1980s, when urban decay displaced nearly one million residents. Now unemployment, poverty, and the *de facto* segregation of African Americans have all been contributing factors in making Detroit the most violent big city in the US.

In 1930, Detroit built half the world's cars. By 1990, it built just 1 in 1000. Ruined sections of the city have become wasteland, with many formerly prosperous areas now burned and vandalized beyond recognition. Gun crime, although declining, is still a huge problem here, with much of it committed by the gangs who patrol the streets.



Cape Town, South Africa

In Cape Town you will be armed. Everyone is. Gas and AK47 assault rifles are the gangs' tools of choice, but on a good day they'll break out the hand grenades.

Organized crime is a rampant, a malignant legacy of South Africa's crippling apartheid system. For years the black population were forced out of the city to live in the sprawling, impoverished areas known as the Cape Flats. Townships in the run of the city. Today, these areas make the rest of the city look like Disneyland by comparison.

Most of the violence is triggered by rival drug gangs, fighting over territory and trade. These activities also include prostitution, with many young girls coerced into this by the gangs.

Recently, many communities have become dependent on the gangs. The well-laid money-laundering schemes they operate also serve as suburban bank loans in the townships, where most of the population are unable to secure legitimate credit. People who would often not be able to take out loans elsewhere are able to borrow money from gangsters in exchange for high interest payments.

The ANC government reform is putting several crime divisions for the city, but Cape Town is faced for its car-jackings, drug dealing and gangsters. Roughly speaking, murder accounts for the premature deaths of one in four men.

One of Cape Town's most innovative gang-busting devices is the car-mounted flame thrower. Almost due to either side of your vehicle and gas ready to spray toward car jacker.



Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Gun and violent crime are rife in a city dominated by the drug trade. While much of Rio is modern and dynamic, there is a stark contrast between the opulence of Copacabana and the slummy favelas, or favelas, some 800 of which are home to 5.3m people. Organized gangs control more than half of them.

There are many clandestine gun dealers, with a revolver readily available to anyone who wants one for as little as (US)\$18.

New legislation, crackdowns on gun sales and ownership, and public burning of weapons have helped to improve the situation since 2001. However, recent UN statistics show that firearms are involved in more than 80% of homicides in Brazil, as well as the majority of sex kidnappings and robberies.

The problem is, there isn't anyone to report this to. In 1995, the New York Times reported that roughly 80% of the Rio de Janeiro Police Department were corrupt, and collected more than US\$1m a month in bribes or extortion from drug dealers and kidnappers.

Recent calculations suggest that the number of people killed by gangsters (and police) in the last 32 years is 700,000. This equates to an average of around 96 people killed every day.





Medellin, Colombia

*Staggeringly dangerous, Medellin is famous for its money laundering, known as *blacoria*. It is thought that between 9000 and 7000 young people in the city have committed murder for money at least once. Furthermore, more than half of the world's kidnappings take place in Colombia.*

At the hometown of Pablo Escobar, the late racketeer and drug smuggler, the city is famous for narcotics. The Medellin cartel was established in the late seventies as an operation to produce, transport and sell cocaine on an unprecedented scale. The killing of Escobar by the C.I.A. in 1991 led to the criminal takeover by the Cali cartel as the primary control of cocaine sales.

*Street crime in Medellin is particularly characterized by use of the drug *Siglo Veintiuno*. Drinks and cigarettes are spiked with the addictive and sweetish drug, known locally as *Burundanga*, which puts victims in a zombie-like trance – awake but powerless to resist commands to remove their money from the bank or hand over their car keys.*



Falluja, Iraq

The main problem with Falluja is that there isn't much of a left. Over half of its buildings are damaged, and roughly a third have been firebombed altogether. There is no water, electricity or employment. There are snipers everywhere. Ambulances don't run, because they too frequently become targets.

Of its 300,000 or so inhabitants before the war, most have been displaced and are living in camps around the city, reluctant or unable to return home due to the poor living conditions.

Today, organized crime continues to offer the lives of a war-torn border of Iraqis – and with over 70% unemployment, this is no surprise. Looting and robbery are problems, but kidnapping is the crime of choice amongst criminal gangs.

Initially, the media gave the impression that being kidnapped is only a risk if you are dealing with the Americans or the government. In fact, it is much more widespread, particularly for wealthy Iraqis. Huge, unbreakable sums are frequently demanded, and hostages are often forced into prostitution.

Not long before all of this, Falluja was infamous. Located on the main route into Jordan and Syria, it was a haven to big crime bosses, and a main thoroughfare for smugglers, who became an important source of income in an otherwise poor region. After the first Gulf War, the smuggling became government-backed in an effort to avoid UN sanctions.

The collapse of Saddam Hussein's security forces, and lack of reorganization of the Iraqi police force has left the city in complete chaos. In Falluja, crime reigns.

IT WOULD HAVE GUNS, BLOODY VIOLENCE AND BE SET IN MEXICO AND BE DIFFERENT AND IT

swiftly dispatched, they had seen it happen a hundred times. The stranger looks around, but they can barely see his face. Suddenly, one of the regulars starts to say something but before he can get his first words out, the stranger has gone for his guns, two silver six-shooters, and he's blasting like there's no tomorrow, in a unprecedented scene of unrestrained violence. Within moments, it's all over and the stranger stands still whilst the blood creeps across the floor around his boots. Those of the regulars who survived that day knew that things were going to change and no matter how things had been done in the past, the stranger was going to rip his tequila in his own way and anyone who had a problem with that was going to get smoked. A new filmmaker had announced his presence.

A third-party observer with enough insight and resources could have seen this coming right from the very beginning. The stranger's story began many years ago – in 1981 after watching John Carpenter's *Escape from New York*. "That's what I'm going to do with my film," he decided. Perhaps if he'd seen *The Great Muppet Caper*, things would have been different.

From there, the stranger's development was swift and single-minded. At school, his teachers allowed him to submit short films instead of essays because they knew he would put more effort into his passion than he would into standard assessment processes. He wrote a comic for his friends called *Los Hooligans*, an early manifestation of his rebel spirit. He got into the University of Austin's renowned film-school in spite of his bad grades on the basis of one piece of work, *Austin Stories*, starring his siblings, kicked the ass of every other piece of work submitted for application.

Then the stranger had an idea. He'd tell a story, a story about a man, a mariachi who gets drawn in to a life of violence and becomes a vigilante. It would have guns, lots of guns, bloody violence and action and it would be set in Mexico and it would be different and it would be awesome. Most

of all it would be his own and he would use it to gain access to the bar where everyone sipped tequila.

To finance this film, *El Mariachi*, the stranger's determination and spirit were tested severely but he never faltered. He had chunks of flesh taken from his arms when he sold his body to medical research, but he made the \$7,000 that he needed to realise his vision. The divots remain to this day. Apart from the cast, the film was made by the stranger alone. He directed, produced, edited and scored the film by himself and the result was brilliant and unexpected. It was a surprise hit at the Sundance Film Festival and allowed the stranger to enter the bar that fateful day and rise to his feet.

After that day, he made the bar his own. The story of the mariachi continued in *Desperado* and later *Once Upon a Time in Mexico*, making stars of his friends Antonio Banderas and Salma Hayek. Hayek became godmother to the stranger's children. He made a film about killer vampires, a film

LOTS OF GUNS, ACTION AND IT WOULD BE AWESOME.

written by another stranger who just a couple of years previously had walked into a similar bar and raised his own kind of hell. The two became close and this reservoir dog called the hooligan, "My brother."

The stranger was riding high, but he had to leave the bar with his brother in order to make a film called *Four Rooms*. Some of the bar's regulars, sometimes known as the Writers Guild of America, didn't like what he wanted to do, so rather than create another scene, he left quietly... but they knew he'd return soon.

His return came in a way no one expected. The six-shooters were replaced by new guns, two Sony HDW-F900 cameras. Having initially forced film festivals to accept submissions on video rather than film, he was now changing the rules again, shooting entirely on 24 HD – the same digital cameras George Lucas used in the *Star Wars* prequels. The spirit of rebellion remained but expressed

itself in a children's film about a brother and sister who discover that their parents are spies. The final film of the trilogy, *Spy Kids 3-D* was the most profitable of his films to date – and the most unexpected.

The stranger returned to the bar. The regulars thought he had gone soft, they thought that over time his spirit had been broken and he had mellowed like everyone else. But they should have known better. If they'd met his children they would have known, his three sons, Rocket Valentin, Racer Maximiliano and Rebel Antonio were proof enough of the stranger's continued conviction. But if they needed more, his next project would banish any remaining doubt and leave them quaking with so much fear that they could barely maintain their precarious grips on those shots of tequila. A realisation of one of the most violent stories ever told.

The stranger wanted to bring to life a whole city of vice, inquiry and wrong doing. Worse still, he wanted to bring the man responsible for it into the bar to drink amongst them. But first he had to convince the city's underdog, the Dark Knight, to join him. The Dark Knight was reluctant and it was only when the stranger showed him a scene of bloody assassination that he convinced the men who would become his new brother to join him on a journey to *San City*.

The bar's residents protested, but by this time the stranger didn't care. He no longer needed them or the bar, so he left again, not knowing whether he would ever return. The stranger left for *San City* with his brother the reservoir dog and his new brother the Dark Knight. The result is a reaffirmation of the stranger's ability, determination, spirit and vision.

This is his story to date. If you have to find a moral in it, I suppose it is never underestimate mysterious strangers wearing cowboy hats. Especially when they're packing six-shooters and their name is Robert Rodriguez.

BUT IS IT ART?

Chris King, illustrator and member of the multi-disciplinary art collective *den*, explains what he loves about comic book art.

ILLUSTRATION Was there an artist or a character that first got you into comic book art?

CHRIS KING My Dad had a stack of old comics from when he was a kid that I used to love as a child. Like Green Arrow, Justice League Of America and Superman. But it was the characters that really drew me in. I loved the classics, Spider-Man, Hulk, Devildevil... I think I had a thing for bright colours and spandex.

ILLUSTRATION Are there any contemporary artists that you admire?

CK Mike Mignola is a great influence. I love Hellboy as well as Ashley Wood. His art is some of the most exciting I've ever seen in a comic book - it wouldn't look out of place in a fine art gallery. More and more illustrations are being drawn to comics (Celia Calle, James Jean), because the medium has changed and

adapted. Instead of pumping out the same old style that made them popular in the past.

ILLUSTRATION Do you think that the likes of *Sin City*, *Watchmen* and *V For Vendetta*, which are more serious comic books should be made into films?

CK I love Comics and I love movies, but as long as they're done well and are made by people who respect and love the source material, then I have no problems. A movie can only be an interpretation of a comic. The reader fills in the gaps as they go along, in the same way you imagine scenarios in a novel. It's impossible for a filmmaker to please everyone with their interpretation, but it does open up the genre to more people who would never have picked up a comic before, and that can't be a bad thing.

www.cdkingart.com







THE REALITY MAN

WORDS BY ANDY DAVISON ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL WILCOCKS

Frank Miller's characters are fighting to reclaim lost turf

From the grim wastelands of Gotham to the bars and broods of Sin City – something's been taken away, and by God is it going to be gotten back. You know that when you pick up a Frank Miller comic, you're going to see teeth being smashed out, ultra-voluptuous women and a colourful variety of monstrosities, costumed or otherwise.

Miller began his career as an artist for Gold Key, DC and Marvel comics.

He became the regular artist and writer on *Daredevil*, a stint which allowed him to write crime stories, his real interest, and a genre previously declared illegal by the US government's Comics Code. *Daredevil*, dressed in red and kitted out with a pair of kitchy red horns, existed safely within the world of spandex clad superheroes but as a resident of Hell's Kitchen the criminals he fought and the situations he dealt with were firmly rooted in reality. Miller completely revised *Daredevil*, introducing Elektra (who scored solo success before an exorbitant trash with Jennifer Garner) and also creating the definitive *Daredevil* origin story *The Man Without Fear*.

As Miller's success at Marvel took shape, that same sense of fearlessness came to define his own work. By the time DC came calling with their troubled Batman franchise, the myth of Miller was ready to explode. *The Dark Knight Returns* defined a generation of comics. It showed a Batman long past retirement, trying to take back a city that no longer speaks his language. Miller's head as hero, slight invisible Batman, is still very much the standard today and a continuing influence on his celluloid incarnations.

But it's *Sin City* that is Miller's most fertile playground.

In some ways Miller catered to a new era of superhero writing. The eighties were a grim and gritty place for the average primary-coloured superhero; a slow-death of belief and relevance. In Miller, and the political radicalism of Alan Moore, comics grew up – if not quite into fully-fledged adulthood, then at least into angst-ridden teens.

The massive mainstream success Miller had in the

eighties allowed him to branch out into areas of his own interest. Again, the tale of a samurai warrior transported to the distant future, was a product of Miller's enthusiasm for Japanese Manga. Indeed, it was Miller who introduced classic Manga titles, such as Lone Wolf And Cub to a western audience.

Miller brought comic books into the realm, not just of art, but design. Of Bauhaus, Art-Deco in its posterish simplicity. Yet beneath this surface lies a threatening menace, a condensed underlayer of darkness that can be traced back to the turn of the last century and the work of the godfather of monochrome, Aubrey Beardsley, whose pornographically sleazy illustrations for *The Rape of the Lock*, perfectly executed in pen and ink, was the origin of *Sin City*.

Miller's legacy remains a work in progress, but what is for sure is that the *Dark Knight* of comics will leave as vivid an impression as his most celebrated characters.

– where he centred the characters he had always wanted to bring to life. Fulfiling a lifetime's ambition to become a crime novelist he threw himself into the seething immensity of a dingy film-noir underworld. The stories are sharply defined by his striking black-and-white artwork, which neatly mirrors the moral simplicity of his absolutist stories. *Sin City* is a world of ink/blackness. Whole panels become an intense, monochromatic field that surround and enforce the starkly righteous principles of the story. The battle of darkness against light that is fought in *Sin City* is perhaps more litid than in any other comic.

In this light, Miller came to use the medium of print in its most basic form: gillions of ink on paper and newsprint – tone, line and areas of black and white, which at times seem barely more than patterned fabric or log. This is not the sketchy-silly dime store style of early Marvel. Colour is irrelevant. The garish splashes of Wonder Woman and Superman have no place here. Nor does the cultural POW of Lichtenstein's pop-art. There are no primary-coloured heroes in *Sin City*. Miller strips the comic panels down to the essentials. Black and white. Good versus evil. Even words are abandoned, allowing whole pages of silhouetted, cut-stencil images to speak for themselves.

A FILM BY CARLOS SORIN

BOMBÓN

EL PERRO 15



"A beautiful film with a sense of humour as dry as its Patagonian landscapes...a charming shaggy tale of one man, his dog and his dreams"

Jason Barker, THE OBSERVER



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COMIC BOOK LOVE

SPYK

As comic-book movies grow and evolve, the boardroom-jumping masses are already waiting with profit opinions and tired prejudices. We're scared of that as you are, so we went to the source. Matt Yeo is Senior Editor of the best-selling boys' magazine *2000* – home of original comic strips *Teen* and *Arx* – and a longtime comic-book fan. We asked him to chair and demand some answers from the view on the ground of comic-book life.

YEO: Let's start with how you got into comics.

YEO: Well, I didn't really get in to comics till I was about ten or eleven and a friend of mine brought a copy of *X-Men* round to my house – a paper American comic. He brought a bunch of them and I got hooked.

Then, well, you used to be able to go in to your local newspaper and there would be a rack of American comics. I used to go in every weekend and I'd spend all my pocket money on comics. Issues would never follow each other sequentially, but what you would get was introduced to a whole bunch of characters and a whole bunch of story lines.

YEO: Did you have an idea back then, at the age of 11 of being an outsider – a comic-book 'geek' – or was it something that you and your friends were just in to?

YEO: No not at all. Britain has always had a funny relationship with comics anyway. In the UK, we've got a long, proud tradition of

stuff like the *Beano* and the *Dandy* going back years.

Even in *Private Eye* and the *Times*, they have comics or comic-book characters in the sixties and seventies, things like Dan Dare, *Battle* and *2000AD* – these were legitimate comic books, but in the last few years they have just sort of disappeared.

YEO: OK, so what year was it when you were 11?

YEO: What are your memories then of the state of comics in the eighties? I'm thinking about things like *V* and *Watchmen*. Is it fair to say that this was the point at which comics began to grow up because of what's happening in the real world?

YEO: I don't know about the effect of the real world, because there was stuff being done in the fifties and the seventies with comics that was quite radical at the time.

In the seventies there was a guy called

Jim Starline who did a lot of pop-art stuff and he did a comic book called *Nick Steel Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.* It's just, unbelievably well designed, it's like a real comic pop comic.

What really happened, was around '80, '81, *Watchmen* came out. *Watchmen* for me was my first experience of what would end up being mature comic-book story telling. I got in to *Watchmen* about issue four or five and I was absolutely blown away. I'd never seen anything like it in my life.

So I went back and got the first few issues and followed the story till the end. At the time, when I got to the last issue, I put it down and my hands were shaking. It was just such a powerful piece of story telling and from there I discovered Alan Moore's other work.

YEO: Given that all that happened 20 years ago, why now are we only just beginning to get out of the idea of comics as being for kids or for geeks?

YEO: There's just in this country, if you go to the stores, Marvel and DC, make fortunes

because there is a huge industry. If you go to France or Japan, comic books are a legitimate art form, they are not looked down upon.

If you go to Tokyo you see businessmen reading comics. It's nothing to be embarrassed about. There's just something about the British attitude.

YEO: Do you think that with *Sin City* coming out and with *Watchmen* and *V for Vendetta*, do you think comics will come to be seen as more important in Britain?

YEO: I think when the first *Batman* film came out, people involved in comics thought, 'Wow this is it, we're finally being recognised and now we'll be accepted.' But it didn't happen.

Obviously, Hollywood is milking comic books but on the whole, most of them now are quite good – well, there is some crap out there, but on the whole, comics are being treated with a lot of reverence.

YEO: Do you think comic books need Hollywood? Essentially, do they need to be taken more seriously?

YEO: Comics are a legitimate art form. Comic-book fans are very protective of their property and they want to see them exposed to a bigger audience, but we also don't like the media spotlight being turned on us. Not that we're embarrassed about our hobby, but you almost feel like you don't want it to be sport by Hollywood money.

But then again, if *Watchmen* comes out and it does well and feeds more money in to the comic-book industry we can only benefit from it.

YEO: What is your reaction to *Sin City*?

YEO: I like *Sin City*, and to be honest I hadn't re-read Frank Miller's graphic novels for a few years. I'd forgotten actually how violent they are. Frank Miller is just going back to classic noir story telling and I think it's translated [to the screen] really, really well. I suppose they tried to do a similar thing with *Dark Tracy* a few years ago and it just didn't work, but modern filmmakers can take a comic book and literally put it on a screen, frame for frame.

I think it works really well and I'll be interested to see the DVD [because obviously the movie is three short stories stitched together but I would like to see the stories stand on their own].

YEO: For me, as an emerging fan, it's not enough to see them put on a screen. I wanted it to be more of a movie. Is that fundamentally what the comic-book community wants – to see comic books on the screen? Is there really a future in doing that?

YEO: There are some comics they shouldn't touch I hope. But I'm very about *Watchmen* and *V for Vendetta*. It's almost like Hollywood has milked the mainstream and now they're looking elsewhere. Some things that work as a comic won't necessarily work on the big screen, so why try and do when there is to a two-hour movie? Why not try and make something as good as *Watchmen*, but as an original story?



THE ULTIMATES

You thought comic books were for strikers. *Sin City* proved you wrong. *LFL* now gives you the essential guide to the best of the rest...

WORDS BY JONATHAN CRICKER

WATCHMEN

By Alan Moore

Generally reckoned to be *The Greatest Comic Book Ever Made*, even by people who think comics are for nerds. In Watchmen's world, masked crusaders have been outlawed by the government and now someone is killing them off one by one. It's up to the survivors to roll back the years and discover who's behind the fatal mystery. An apocalyptic work more complex, political and emotional than any graphic novel had attempted before, Watchmen deconstructs the superhero genre through a confounding conspiracy riddle built around twisted avengers who've misused their powers for human frailties. A shatteringly original, adult piece of fiction with a final payoff that's impossible to shirk.

Movie watch: It's been 10 years in development hell (with *Batman* scribe Sam Hamm, Terry Gilliam and Darren Aronofsky all vying to spark the greenlight) but Watchmen now has a script (David Heyes) and a director (The Bourne Supremacy's Paul Greengrass) – however, studio trouble has meant that Watchmen is temporarily back on ice...

QUALITY
WILDER
BUDGETED
DEBATS

THE SANDMAN

By Neil Gaiman

Who is the Sandman? A giant, black-clad immortal in charge of the Dreamscapes, that area of unreality that humans can only visit once asleep. But Gaiman's novel (and Neil Gaiman's vibrant fantasy sketches) together mythic and literary influences for a striking 10-book series (inspired by ancient Persia to 17th-century England to modern-day America via detours between heaven/hell and dream/reality). Pumped with amazing surprises and subversions (Death, for example, is a sexy gothic woman). Gaiman's storytelling magic is fulfilling and unique: merging our mythological landscape by using the familiar with the everyday until it's hard to tell which is which. Cough up for the full set – essential for any intelligent comic-book aficionado's collection.

Movie watch: No plans to directly film *The Sandman* yet. But Gaiman has just followed Frank Miller by making his spectacular movie debut at Sundance. *MirrorMask* is a bizarre fantasy that his creator describes as "The Wizard Of Oz born in the 21st century."

FROM HELL

By Alan Moore

Everything you always wanted to know about Jack The Ripper... but were afraid to ask. More historical research than comic-book, Alan Moore's meticulously researched analysis of the Ripper murders ropes in almost every theory in existence to conjure a squalid, wretched portrait of Victorian London. Fusing intricate detective story, piercing social criticism and raw brutality, *From Hell* satiates with its ambition and depth. Just as he did with Watchmen, Alan Moore had taken comic-books to another level. "It's my belief that if you cut into a thing deeply enough," remarked Moore, "then you may reveal not only that thing's inner workings, but also the meaning behind those workings. *From Hell* is a post-mortem of a historical occurrence, using fiction as a scalpel." Amen to that.

Movie watch: *Bayo M*. The Hoxal directors (the Hughes brothers) resurrected Victorian London for their 2001 movie – to middling effect. Johnny Depp tackles his cockney accent manfully and Heather Graham is probably the healthiest prostitute in British history.



JETMAN BEHIND
THE ARTISTS

W FOR VENDETTA

By Alan Moore

"I'm the king of the 20th century. I'm the beguinner. The villain. The black sheep of the family..." It's the neo-futurist, post-nuclear Britain has become a totalitarian uber-state. Art and culture have been eradicated. The government monitors everything. Enter V, an enigmatic masked vigilante with a maskcapitall to wreak beautiful havoc and light the fuse for a revolution. Men must die. Ideologies must crumble. England prevails. The next in Alan Moore's conveyor-belt of eighteen intersequences, this enthralling mystery-thriller introduces one of the medium's most enigmatic anti-heroes and presents its author's rap as the buddy of vicious, snuffish storytelling.

Movie watch: The Wachowski Brothers have hired the script for *Natasha Portman* and Hugo Weaving (who replaced original *Boyz n the City* Purell) to star. Episode 17 and Moore's assistant director James McTeague has just finished shooting in Berlin and London. November, remember the 8th of November.

BATMAN: THE DARK KNIGHT RETURNS

By Paul Miller

Years before *Sin City*, Frank Miller shook the comic-book industry in its slacks by yanking it to Bat. His pointy ears and his spandex pants fight into the 20th century. Miller took Batman to the extreme, stripping off the decades of *Watch*, family-friendly baggage to unleash the *Batman* howling within. Returning to wipe the sheets clean again, an aging Batman finds himself locked in epic duels with Joker and—yes his own demons threaten to swallow him—a reluctant Clark Kent. Miller's powerful artwork captures the gothic minimalism of *Mojo Kasei*'s comics for a shocking assemblage of one of pop culture's most famous heroes. Absolutely influential.

Movie watch: Although nominally based on Miller's equally awesome *Batman: Year One*, Christopher Nolan's summer smash *Batman Begins* takes all its cues from *Dark Knight*. With Christian Bale's Wayne a tortured, murderous anti-hero and not an arch of *Batman* in sight, it's far to say the Bat has his bells back.

MAUS

By Art Spiegelman

The first comic-book ever to win the Pulitzer Prize. Swedish cartoonist Art Spiegelman introduced the divisions between comics and mainstream literature in one outrageous *canon*, telling the story of the Holocaust. With the oppressed Jews played by mice and the Nazis as cats. Lighting up the hammering

treatment of Jews in Nazi Germany in a way no one had thought possible, it's a shudderingly powerful work. The story intertwines two threads: the true tale of Vladek Spiegelman's experiences as a young Jew sent to Auschwitz; and his recollections as an old man to his son Art, as the two try to make sense of the past. Chilling, unique and unbearably tragic, every page of *Maus* is haunted by the truth of what Vladek—and the millions like him—

went through and what he was forced to resort to in order to survive. Unrepeatable in any other medium, it's rooted in history as an extraordinary piece of art.

Movie watch: Like we said—unrepeatable in any other medium.

PREACHER: GONE TO TEXAS

By David Denby

Texas preacher Jesse Custer is searching for God. But he doesn't want spiritual enlightenment or redemption. Nope, this is men fueled by rage about the state of the world. *Search* God's lost Heaven and The Preacher's on a mission to force him back into duty. Where do we Irish vampires, a bright and a holy mission? Like stakes driven through the dark heart of this sick, witty, erotically charged epic. Part twisted Western, part gothic horror, part slapstick comedy. *Garth Ennis*'s gaudy, brutal action adventure is littered with profanity and death, *GBH* and gore, reporting narrative and fabulous characterisation. It caused a media sensation when it was released back in the ninties. Not hard to see why.

Movie watch: Garth Ennis wrote a screenplay, while *X-Men* star James Marsden and *Dark Knight* heroine Rachel Talalay were pencilled in for 2002 movie project. Since then, with the \$22 million budget failing to materialise and Marsden now locked in to *Superman Returns*, it's all gone cold.

SUPERMAN: RED SON

By Mark Miller

Superman: why? More American than, er, Captain America. But what if baby Super had established in the Soviet Union instead of mid-West America? It's the kind of question an American just wouldn't ask, because the answer is far too scary. Step in first comic-book maestro Mark Miller with a revisionist tale that swaps the Big S for the Hammer's Siskie as Superman becomes a tool of communism rather than the all-American freedom fighter. Obviously, someone Stateside has to tackle this dangerous uber-Marxist. That would be brilliant Lex Luthor and his army of super-heroes forged from a Russell crash site. It's a book blazing with ideas, turning

everything we know on its head with gleeful shrewdness. Did we mention that Lex's names Lex and Batman is born in Russia?

Movie watch: No direct adaptation, but with Bryan Singer promising to multi-reference the entire history of Big Red in his new open *Superman Returns*, elements of *Red Son* are sure to seep in somewhere.

KINGDOM COME

By Mark Millar and Alex Ross

A superhero epic for the pros, *Kingdom Come* looks off as a redneck, grey-haired Superman and super-villain friends return to battle with the new generation of moral superheroes who don't mind fiddling a few buildings (and people) to kill off the crime. It's the world that Watchmen and *Dark Knight* feared: where superheroes rage out of control in a series of megabattles on a one-way street to the apocalypse. Etched through stunning artwork and layered with an encyclopaedic knowledge of comic-book heritage, co-creators Millar and Alex Ross bring us probably every single character ever to grace the pages of a DC comic. Consider it a double-whammy. On the one hand, a DC textbook. On the other, a deathmatch wilderness.

Movie watch: After rumours of a TV miniseries and a full-length animated feature film (by the same guys behind the terrific *Batman* and *Superman* loose shows) proved false, *Watch* came out to squash hopes for a movie once and for all.

MARSHAL LAW

By Joe Kelly and Brian O'Neil

Alan Moore reckoned that, in *The Dark Knight Returns*, Frank Miller had given comic-books their first true anti-hero. Then *Marshal Law* arrived. Not just a frustrated hero, but a hero-faster on a personal vendetta to destroy corrupt crusaders. Fresh and unflinching, *Marshal Law* was superheroes to shewer hypocrisy, religion, government, war and bigly in a fight, a gritty thriller given glorious life by Kelly O'Neil's visual psychedelia. Not convinced? Over to the log line himself: "A lot of people say I'm a uniformed thug, no better than the scum I hunt down. A legitified vigilante, hunting out his own highly suspect street justice." Someone with a pathological hatred of superheroes, revelling at the chance to beat the hell out of them. That sounds far. I can live with that."

Movie watch: A *Marshal Law* movie was planned in 1995, but the rights have since reverted back to Mills and O'Neil. Which, despite their continued efforts, is exactly where they've stayed.

Hollywood Hardcore

BY GARY K. JEFFREY

You've seen the whorers of Old Town, check out the pimps of Hollywood.

Of all the lies perpetrated by the Hollywood myth machine, none are so pervasive as the one it tells about itself. This is the city of dreams. The end of the rainbow. If there's one thing committed in the world, well, that must be somebody else's town. And even though those famous white letters are only a matter of miles from San Fernando's Porn Valley, everyone in showbiz'll tell you that Hollywood is a world away from America's dark heart.

They'll say this city doesn't do sin. America doesn't like sex. That Hollywood isn't a knocking shop for drug addicts and gang bangers.

And they'll be lying.

In America, sex is currency and nobody has an appetite for filthy lace like Movie City, USA. In reality, that one-way journey from the Bel Air Hills to the San Fernando suburbs has always been a two-way exchange. Heading east is a constant flow of human traffic — of the Hollywood has-beens and never-were who seek up on the shores of the sex industry. But in return, the porn stars of San Fernando have long been sending their own cultural waste — mystery, glamour and, above everything, sin.

Hollywood is fascinated by porn because Hollywood is a town built on film and cemented in desire. They might not have been meeting back Sins since the '50s, but behind studio doors America's favorite movie stars have long been doing what they make a few star-act general go blue in the face.

Years before the porn industry took root, Errol Flynn was being tried for statutory rape (three times). Judy Garland had had an abortion, two gay husbands and a narrowly averted suicide bid. Joan Crawford had been seduced by her stepfather and slept her way into the movies, while a struggling Clark Gable got his big break in a silent comedy of MGM stock.

It was only in the middle of this perishing town that Hollywood set about spinning its way out of trouble. After a string of daring exorcises, The Hays Code of 1930 tried to shut down sex on the silver screen. The Code consisted of a number of decrees, the last of which was in Rule 1: "No picture shall be produced that will lower the moral standards of those who see it." It drew a line in the sand: movies on one side, film on the other. At least, that's what they said.

In reality, this is ground zero of the long history of Hollywood and the Valley — over half a century of mutual influence, cross-over and perversion. From Jane Russell in the forties to Jenna Jameson in the nineties, Hollywood courted the underbelly of America while assiduously hiding behind the illusion of its self-created moral high ground.

No figure embodies this relationship more than John Holmes — a porn legend in the seventies and eighties until his death from AIDS. He lived a spectacular life — making thousands of porn movies while blowing most the proceeds on an epic coke habit. He was a cult hero to the counter-culture generation of Hollywood players like Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty, the hottest stars at the hottest parties, and the ultimate low of the film world that Hollywood loved to love. It didn't hurt his reputation when he was implicated in a still-unresolved quadruple homicide that went down in L.A. history as one of the grizzly killings the city had ever seen.

But life more than just a handful of individuals that tie the two towns — these two worlds — to each other. Both industries have long been associated with the Mob, though it's a sign of their difference that Hollywood remembers its past. Everybody

knows that Sinatra got started in the movies after a few of his Italian friends paid a couple of visits to the right houses. And in the porn business, too, the mob marched in early on some of the juiciest action. *Deep Throat*, one of the most commercially successful movies ever made, was bankrolled by the Mitchell Brothers, part of the Calabrese mafia family. They made so much cash that they set up a production company in Hollywood and went on to bid rivals. The Texas Chainsaw Massacre. At a trial after the Mitchells were murdered, Nicholson and Beatty were spotted in the galleries.

But it's money that really ties Hollywood to the Valley. From VHS to Cable to DVD, the porn industry has gone everywhere — turning over an estimated \$10 billion a year. Hollywood's major corporation studio-owners are down to that figure like flies to shit. The big winners in the sex business include AOL-Time Warner, AT&T and HSN. HSN. Even America's sex-hating Republican National Committee is driven by Billon Roberts, CEO of Coreist, who pocketed millions of dollars from porn through their vast network of cable outlets.

If porno-occurs are fantasy then Hollywood is reality — not the bizarre monochrome of Frank Miller's imagination, but the sweat-stained joy of real life in glorious, widescreen technicolor.

Watch

Wonderland (2003) dir. Jesse Lee
Beagle Mutt (1997) dir. P. J. Anderson
Juice *Deep Throat* (2005)
dir. Peter Dinklage / Randy Roberts
The Texas Chainsaw Massacre (1974)
dir. Tobe Hooper
The Filler (2001) dir. Alex Charnin
Porn Star: The Legend of Ron Jeremy (2001)
dir. Seth J. Gill

"MAGICAL...NOT TO BE MISSED"

people magazine

"IRRESISTIBLE" ★★★★★

people

"BRILLIANT" ★★★★★

people

MILLIONS

12A
THEATRE

A DANNY BOYLE FILM YOU CAN
TAKE YOUR KIDS TO SEE



IN CINEMAS MAY 27



supremebeing™

A LFLite review will not be linked to by any personal rating. Just as movies are always more than the two hours you spend sitting in the cinema, our reviews are a chance to talk about much more than the immediate experience of the film in question. There are many different aspects of the movie-going experience and we will end race them all.

Anticipation

How excited are you about this? How often before did I read a book that you loved and nervously watched the adaptation? How pleasantly surprised by an off-the-radar independent? Anticipation plays a crucial role in your reaction to a movie. Rather than ignore it, we think it should be measured and acknowledged as part of the movie-going experience.
Marked out of 5.

Enjoyment

All other things equal, how did you find the movie? How honest? Were you glad to hear your story? Did the film speak to your soul? Was it inspiring, disappointing, or just plain boring? Were you even shocked?

Marked out of 5.

In Retrospect

Great movies live with you, you carry them around wherever you go and the things they say shape the way you see the world. Did this movie fully stay in your memory, burned into your mind? Was it a quick fix when fresh, good for a rainy Sunday afternoon? Or the first step of the rest of your life? Did you hate it with a fury only to fall in love with a passion? Or did it sit for long days very like a dormant constant?
Marked out of 5.

CHAPTER FOUR

IN WHICH WE DISCUSS THE LATEST FILM RELEASES



ONG-BAK

SELECTED
FILM FUND
FINANCING

TONY JAA
"A TRUE
ACTION
STAR"
"A TRUE
ACTION
STAR"

"Muay Thai is dangerous," somberly declares the old monk of the Thai village Hong Pre-du. He's not kidding. He's paying protégé Tingo (Tony Jaa) thrilling use of Muay Thai—an ancient form of Thai fighting—left just dangerous, it's downright lethal. Good thing Tingo earns honour and respect from every single one of his sweaty, fight-drenched peers.

He may have a name that sounds like a crop percussion instrument, but this is a man not to be messed with. Unfortunately, no-one's told that to Don (Wannat Ittipitak)—a heavy for Bangkok's ruthless crime lord Khom Yuen—who feathery sus-

the head off Ong-Bak (the village's sacred statue) to impress his boss. Tingo heads to Bangkok to retrieve the head with the help of George (Patchorn Wongkumha), a terrible rogue and former village.

Ong-Bak does not pretend to be Oliver Kane. It's a high-octane, thrilling, joyful return to classic martial-arts movies, capturing real fighting skills at a time when we've become used to wire-work choreography bedazzling us in magical-realist ventures. The fight scenes are beautiful yet brutal; each kick and blow is felt. The unfathomable movie has stars to

athletically escape his pursuers in the chase sequences are often given triple replays by the director—and deservedly so. Your brain wouldn't believe what you were seeing on the basis of one viewing.

Tony Jaa's preparation for the role included four years of Muay Thai training. He puts in an astonishing display of skills in the no wire, no CGI, no camera-tricks demonstration. Get it on the ground floor as a new cult hero is born. Just pray to Ong-Bak that Hollywood doesn't sacrifice him for the studio, since it gets its glibly hands on Tony Jaa. *Antony Duffell*

Anticipation Great excitement following every positive response from people who'd seen *Ong-Bak* in Thailand. *Four*

Enjoyment Expressing, with brilliant fight scenes, action-packed chase and genre, genre and agility in Jaa's every move. *Five*

In Retrospect The best of film you could be about to your friends. Makes you want to see Jaa in action again as soon as possible. *Four*



SELECTED
FILM FUND
FINANCING

ARNOLD
DESPLACHIN
"A TRUE
ACTION
STAR"
"A TRUE
ACTION
STAR"

ARNOLD DESPLACHIN

approaches his latest film with a turbulent directorial role of third person perspective and intense subjectivity. We are flung back and forth between two contrasting narratives as we follow Mia (Domenella Devor), a successful art dealer and copy mother dealing with the imminent death of her father, and Arnold (played by the wonderfully rhetorical Matthew Amato), her former lover who is suddenly thrown in a mental hospital.

The murky family dealings of Mia and her brooding father are always clearly offset with moments of glorious beauty. A neoclassical

layer and a fantastic body-popping display in a world anyone could much amusement in Arnold's unhinged segments. *Kings and Queens* could have easily been split in to two films, but instead it's a slightly lengthy, occasionally disappointing slice of tragic comedy plot. *Real Whiskey*

Anticipation Ark, we really. *One*

Enjoyment "Arkness" with the French legal! *Three*

In Retrospect A choppy ride with moments of sweetness throughout. *Three*



MYSTERIOUS SKIN

THEATRE
IN
A
HAT

THEATRE
IN
A
HAT
THEATRE
IN
A
HAT
THEATRE
IN
A
HAT

After five stormy years in adaptation purgatory, director Gregg Araki finally got it together to write a screenplay for Scott Heister's novel. *Mysterious Skin*. Araki claims that it's the first and last time a book has ever resonated with him upon its dust jacket. Such midlife angst: why is fitting of a film that takes the extreme themes of pedophilia, rape and abduction in small-town America and sprinkles them gracefully over its characters like... there on a dust jacket?

Queer actor Araki is not a director known for his subtlety. Previous films, *The Dream Director* and *Tuesday in Paris*, up were cinematic nihilism gone haywire, their sole purpose being to shock and disturb with Araki's own voice from and center. With *Mysterious Skin*, Araki has taken a step back. He's finally stopped saying "fuck you" to society and has decided to concentrate on how society is saying "fuck you" to itself.

Mysterious Skin is a gay psychodrama revolving around the lives of two boys who meet at busstop and practice in the age of eight. Bewildered by his heavily ambivalent mother (Elizabeth Shue), Neil McClenach (Joseph Gordon-Levitt) is raped by his baseball coach, leading him to adopt the lifestyle of a gay hustler. Brian (Brady Corbett) is a dark, cloaked out in oversized wheel-framed glasses and abused by the idea that he was abducted by aliens. Both boys are on a quest to study their past and release pent-up emotions they are only beginning to develop.

The performances are good, but not great. And for a film based on such a dark purpose being to shock and disturb with Araki's own voice from and center. With *Mysterious Skin*, Araki has taken a step back. He's finally stopped saying "fuck you" to society and has decided to concentrate on how society is saying "fuck you" to itself.

Anderson and Todd Solondz do as well. In fact, the entire core element of the film is slightly disconcerted. In a scene where Neil picks up a nervous buswoman who wants to get the most from his bus, it's really a joke that only the rest-boys in the audience will be laughing at.

The film contains scenes of pedophilia which are presented with such dreamy elegance, you are left uncertain as to what is actually happening on the screen (and they're all the more haunting for it). Araki has abandoned the rough-around-the-edges exploitative style in favor of the whizzy lectures and ironic juxtapositions of David Lynch. All this coupled with the brilliantly melancholic soundtrack supplied by Costello Tams.

Ministry Robin Guthrie makes our sympathy for the lost and loves these characters lead signified. Corporations will be made with Todd Solondz for the future (and

similarly disturbing) *Painorama* which uses child actors to present very sensitive ideas on screen. Both films highlight how difficult it is to "get right" a character who has been the victim of pedophilia. With *Mysterious Skin*, the ideas are buried in the character's emotions so deeply that it's sometimes difficult to understand the motives behind their reasoning. For all its outrageous storytelling, you're just not there with them. You sympathize with them, but then you don't really like them.

Mysterious Skin's tone shifts seamlessly from the self-consciously subtle (the initial "encounter" with the coach) to blatant emotional anguishing (the final breakdown). Neil's never-ending barrage of lecherous clients seems to force the idea of the diversity of sexuality on to the audience. From his initial encounter with a looking adolescent, you're counting down the ticks until only Neil has his face smashed in with a spade.

Although Brian's search for aliens is funny in its benign straightforwardness, the first best will come as no surprise to anyone with an ounce of common sense. It's a well-used plot line that isn't entirely convincing. By the final act, you're merely left waiting for things to fall into place. If nothing else, it's serious as a good argument as to why we don't play baseball in Britain. David Jackson

Anticipation If it's exploding heads and skulls, you're not after, so. One

Enjoyment Although visually stunning, the acting substitutes too quickly between melodrama and humor, but, but, but. Three

In Retrospect Very odd events, but slightly moved by a Joseph Gordon-Levitt's face-it's like a book. It's awesome. Two

SKY BLUE

THEATRE
IN
A
HAT

THEATRE
IN
A
HAT
THEATRE
IN
A
HAT

If there's one thing worse than being caught by your mates browsing the porno spot in HMV, it's being rooted in the crime section holding a deluxe double-disc edition of *King of the Hill*. To cinema's Asian invasion as kids' stuff would be a gross error. We may all go nuts for some *Planet* family film, but these guys make punishing, complex films at a minuscule of the budget. They appear on our radar. Neil is Kiefer's latest offering to the genre we love to hate.

Sky Blue is nothing particularly new. It's workers-versus-owners as the residents of Coburn—a futuristic, lockdown which houses a lovely few against the rugged wastelands of Earth—are at war with the enclosed diggers who supply them with the coal they need to survive. Suffice to say, low death scenes and close-ups of male on-screen during the unbelievably out-there routine. *Sky Blue*'s high-tech digital backdrops are a feast for the eyes, a subtle blend of live action and digitized imagery which gives the Earth of 21st a suitably morbid quality. The grandeur of the architecture is subtly juxtaposed with action sequences containing plenty of stylistic flourishes.

To *Sky Blue*'s reputation of next grandeur and grace—and lots of it. Films like *Toy Story* and *Robots* seem so calculated to supply optimum enjoyment, fearlessly paced with barely a breath passing before the next one-liner or piece of visual trickery is thrown at the screen. One of the reasons *Sky Blue* succeeds is due to the stately, unfeeling way in which the plot unfolds.

Brady for all its elegance, *Sky Blue* lacks the playful energy and originality of any Miyazaki's *Princess Mononoke*. *Sky Blue* will get the chance it deserves to be seen by a wider audience and not restricted to the hooded DVD posse. David Jackson

Anticipation Could appeal to the European and European, which means it's all we have. Two

Enjoyment A rousing year, if a tad convoluted, but at nearly 100 minutes, it's a welcome surprise. Two

In Retrospect Lightweight stuff and slightly charming, but more will be enough. Three



An interview with Scott Heister, author of *Mysterious Skin*.

WLS: How close were you with Gregg Araki when he was making the film?
Heister: I didn't have a clear with my name on it, that's for sure. They had a really small budget and shooting schedule and it just so happens that they were filming during a really busy time for me. They actually filmed most of it on Christmas and the week of it at New York. I was there for the 30 stuff. Gregg would email me every day with questions as I was there and speak, on the way.

WLS: What was it like when you first saw the film?
Heister: One of the things that happens in the film are about we and people I know. Brady and Joe were not either side of me at the moment. It's like when I was writing the book, I'd created characters that were so, and the two characters who were playing me not being me. It was a really surreal experience.

WLS: Did you see Brady Corbett and Joseph Levitt as Brian and Neil?
Heister: Yes and no. I think Brady is closer than Joe in terms of me. I initially preferred them. The thing I discovered about them while present in, when you make a book, you have your own idea of how your writing looks and how your characters look and feel. I always had them really strong feelings of how Brian and Neil looked like, after seeing his like right names or no, I don't have any memory of what my old version of the book was. If you told me that a long time ago, I'd have thought that was really and David Jackson



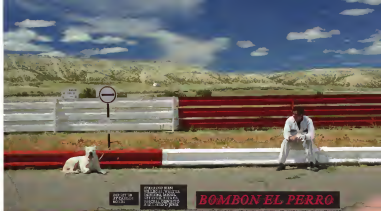
Stephen Chow joins

the queue of Hong Kong talent knocking on America's door with an explosively inventive kung fu comedy. Marking virtually every major martial artist of the last quarter century, *Kung Fu Hustle* is a whimsical homage to Chow's boyhood heroes. But after opening with one of the most arresting musical sequences for many years, it frequently devolves into leisure flights of fancy. Chow's enthusiasm for slapstick GMA is an acquired taste, and looks especially lightweight next to the anger of death that is Tony Jet Wei Anderson.

Anticipation After the debacle that was *Mr. Bean's* breakdown of *Abel's* *Bean*, *Shut* is promised to be a first draft of pure fun. *There*

Enjoyment The light touch here is enough, but the cut is dated. A missed opportunity to explore the classic kung fu genre. *There*

In Retrospect Too ill-represented it is your friends, but you won't go back. *Yes*



Even in adultery there is morality. For every red blooded male and desperate housewife succumbing to the lingering gaze and the hot breath of a wine-soaked kiss, there are several film rules. Unwritten and unspoken, but fully understood.

For the two couples in John Curran's *We Don't Live Here Anymore* there is no exception. Jack (Ruffalo) and Terry (Demi) live in a suburban house as messy, chaotic and unsteady as their marriage and are best friends with Hank (Krusie) and Gail (Katie) - a sterile, pristine couple who have affairs.

Bored and disillusioned, Jack and Gail regularly disappear to "the library" or "the grocery store" to indulge in book-clubbing, "red-dogging" sex, which ruffles them only until the next time. Their guilt manifests itself in a strange drive to push their respective halves together, as if it will alleviate their guilt and make their lives and deaths more palatable if they aren't the only ones having extra-marital nookie. But the best secrets are the ones that are kept, and as soon as someone else is let in on the fun, it's no fun anymore.

Curran's direction gives an unbiased insight into each of the four men's troubled lives and the need to shed their skins and flee. Demi and Ruffalo's scenes of domestic fury lead with pointed logic into the film to phenomenal heights, while the sensitive and emotionless characters of Gail and Hank beautifully balance the scales.

Anticipation It's a way to look forward to such a great cast, including the excellent Mark Ruffalo. *There*

Enjoyment Engaging enough to make anyone take the idea of having an affair - a very powerful film. *Five*

In Retrospect An aboveboard insight into failing marriages and the burden of secrecy. *Four*



Sofnon opens with a soft-spoken grandfatherly guy called Villegas (our human hero) who is good-naturedly trying to tell his expletive-hand-crafted knives to a bunch of average-Joe builders. We discover in due course that he is doing this because he has been made redundant by the petrol station where he had worked for half his life... but he is most certainly not bitter. The close filming thrusts us into the action and immediately sets the intimate tone of the film. Carlos Sorin, the director, is famed for "living real places with real people" in his work and Sorbin is no exception. Juan Villegas was actually his car-parking attendant in Buenos Aires for 15 years before being hand-picked by Sorin to be the pivotal role in this film. Villegas now enjoys international success after the film was awarded the Fipresci prize at the San Sebastian International Film Festival. The gentle bantering in the first scene seems unscripted and natural, and Villegas clearly comes across as an honest and unpretentious protagonist who is obviously having a whale of a time. But where does the dog come in? One day Villegas meets a young

woman whose car has broken down. After he repairs it back at her ranch, he is paid in kind with a massive and very unusual-looking pedigree dog - something like a white rottweiler - called Bombon "La Chien". Lechner, as Villegas calls him, is an excellent specimen of the eternally-stoic "Dago Argentino" - with prize-winning brim-riding. Through the course of the film, the relationship between dog and man grows and Lechner takes on all manner of dog jobs - hunter, stud, guard dog, pet and, moreover, friend. His facial expressions are comically human and his character is dominated by the other characters as "El Perro" (in fucking huge dog) but "Hiena del Doce" (a gift from God). Finally Villegas, widowed and weather-beaten, is born into the bewildering high-class world of show dogs.

The film is set against the eye-opening stark backdrop of the Patagonian pampa. It is a harsh, unforgiving landscape that delivers extremes of temperature to its people whilst at the same time offering them no protection or shelter. However, Sorin has realised the urge to spotlight its natural beauty

— here is not the digital gloss of Julie Medeiros' *Luz y Sombra*. His deft use of these bleak open expanses of sky and land to highlight the warmth and kindness of the Patagonian people - for whom perhaps Bombon is a symbol. A variety of horses and unusual vegetables appear as the plot unfolds on, from schoolgirls and borders to shunting belly-dancing, right-wing anger and terrorism, creating a freshly realistic patchwork portrayal of life. In fact, the plot is so everyday that one wonders if it actually goes anywhere. This is no blockbuster - but it is a subtle and mesmerising shaggy-dog story that is well worth watching. *Lucy*

Anticipation Not exactly the sort of film to excite pre-release hype. *Two*

Enjoyment A refreshing change from the usual western trash. *Four*

In Retrospect The film still evokes some fancy feelings, rather like that of putting a faithful canine friend on the back. *Four*

THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN'S APOCALYPSE

CONVERSING
WITH
THE
CAST

JOHN AND JULIAN
DUNN, STEVE
PAMERBROOK,
JESSIE DYSON
(ALL FROM 2010)

A CONVERSATION ABOUT
THE LAST OF
GENTLEMEN'S APOCALYPSE

Like April, second midnight

Dunn: Right write off 'n' my
writing. Okay well basically it was
just a long-winded episode.

o Well no, it had no connection...
now don't get me wrong, I did like it,
but it didn't have anything to do with
the episode. I spent too much of the
time trying to fantasize myself with
the new scenarios and characters
and not enough time enjoying the
things that I enjoy about *The League*
of Gentlemen.

A: You were so used to seeing them
in certain scenarios... acting in a
certain way. So when they were not
like that it made them feel a bit alien.
o I reckon. There's the lack of
owned laughter, and the lighting...
they made a big point of the change
in lighting when they moved between
the two worlds, and while that might
be really clever and everything... it
just looked a bit, shit. *The League*
of Gentlemen looks amazing. It's
always looked like a film. So when

they move into the real world and it's
all bright, it's no good—the magic's
gone. Those characters were out of
place in it.

A: It's just a bizarre thing. It's like the
Christmas special, which just went
on for too long.

o How long was the Christmas
special?

A: It was an hour... no an hour and
a half.

o So if the Christmas special had
been the movie would you have
preferred it, given that the movie was
90 minutes as well?

A: [Pleased] Probably not. I don't
know why. I dunno. It's difficult. The
Christmas special was like three little
bits, with like an intro and an outro...

o A what?

A: An outro—oh shit, and... You
know.

o [Laughing] You dick, I'm gonna
put that in the review.

A: You know the priest—she like
reminded it and brought the episodes
together and stuff. Anyway. The
whole idea of the film was good.
Moving it on was good. The change
was good. However basically all of
those characters are typical in

Reginald Veevy and it seems a very
bizarre portrayal of them all to take
them into the real world. You expect
them to be in a certain way and
they're not.

o It's almost a cop-out that they
put Papa Lazarou in. Just 'see they
know everyone loves him so it's like
'Here you go, here's Papa Lazarou
being weird for a few minutes.'

A: But his makeup was all wrong
anyway. His hair was flat. Maybe it
was just 'cos of the lighting. It wasn't
right.

o Another thing—a fundamental
thing, was that seeing Steve
Pemberbrooke being half Herr Lipp
and half himself is really clever
and worked well in the film, but all
it does is remind you that he's a
character and that removes you from
the world of *The League* and then
you can't really laugh anymore. I
saw him from halfway through the film
until the end and there was very little to
laugh at.

A: And the other thing, which
not a lot of people might know or
recognize, is that that's Jessie
Dyson in the first scene. He's always
been the fourth man, but never seen

o Do you reckon he loves that
—being in the film? Sleeping out
for the big occasion. Do you reckon
those were their houses as well?

A: I always thought Dyson was
Bernard the taxi driver... And did you
notice Peter Kay and the guy from
Shawn Of The Dead behind the wall
in the 18th Century bit?

o See there again that whole
18th Century bit was like, all right,
but it just wasn't that funny. The
jokes weren't there. Too many
special effects, and way too many
towards the end. Some massive
Ray Harryhausen-esque beast is
fundamentally not funny. Too much
fighting and bullshit.

o Alright lets wrap it up. To
conclude, we need the scoring
system thing—what do you reckon?
A: I'd go 3 3 4 5, 3, 4—yeah.
o So you're saying when you
watched out you thought about it more
and it got better?

A: Yeah.

o Right. I'll give 4, 5, 3. It was good
and I totally respect that they tried
to do something different. I'm a bit
disappointed but I'll live.

Super movie

Imagine *Gladiator* set in the Crusades. Imagine Legolas defending Jerusalem for all he's worth. Imagine what Ridley Scott's latest historical epic could have been.

In 1186, between the second and third Crusades, young French blacksmith Balin (Orlando Bloom) discovers he is the son of a noble knight, Godfrey of Ibelin (Jude Law). Balin joins the Christian powers trying to maintain the uneasy peace in Jerusalem as a Saracen onslaught approaches.

Right, so all the ingredients are here. Why then, does *Kingdom Of Heaven* feel so flat? The film never really engages with the period, and Orlando Bloom wanders about on

screen like a lost little boy. Best line goes to Jude Law: "I amne fought for two days with an arrow through my testicle." It's an experience which can't be too dissimilar from enduring Bloom's uninspiring presence for two and a half badly paced hours.

Antony Lee

Anticipation: Ridley Scott. The Crusades. The Pope.

Enjoyment: Bad plotting and many CG battle scenes don't help. Two.

In Retrospect: Yes, too hard to be 'epic', and Orlando Bloom is weak. Two.

KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

IMAGINE LEGOLAS
DEFENDING
JERUSALEM

IT'S A NEW
HISTORICAL
EPIC, BUT
THEY'VE GOT
THE CAST
AND THE
BATTLE



WHAT THE BLEEP DO WE KNOW

Every once in a while there comes a film so unique that it shoves classification, subverts the last bits of accepted belief and sprays a sparky new stream over our clouded vision. What *The Bleep Do We Know* isn't one of them.

Amends (Mittell)'s jaded young photographer prone to perlo-stroke and riddled with self-doubt finds herself submerged in an Amends in Wonderland adventure which alleviates the monotony of her lachrymose life and opens up a new dimension beyond the looking glass. The film relies on the use of clever graphics to explain how quantum physics takes over when we feel anger, hurt and shock. But beneath the supposedly awe-inspiring images reminiscent of 80s cult classic *Weird Science*, lies little groundbreaking information.

This mess lies somewhere between a documentary on the effects of quantum physics on day-to-day human emotions and a simple cartoon, best filmed to GCSE biology revision for physics. But more interesting. By dumbing-down the scientific explanations of quantum physics, a series of experts offer the simplest of examples to illustrate the application of quantum physics throughout our lives, ranging from bouncing a basketball to firing at weddings.

The performances differ only marginally from amateur dramatics and draw the film more towards a mockumentary, clanking its only remnants of credibility. A unique piece of cinema? Certainly, but the stereotypes of futuristic clothing with blonde models, young virile males hawking in an over-the-top, over-the-top and over-the-top. It looks like a bouncing basketball, make the film wholly undigestible. No wonder then, that Americans have embraced the film like fat kids in a sweet shop, with *What The Bleep* workshops and conferences springing up all over the US as though an incredible phenomenon has just been uncovered.

What *The Bleep Do We Know*? A BLEEP-load more than they do. *Wendie Rajah*

Anticipation: Quantum physics = apprehension. Two.

Enjoyment: Eggs on human emotion to draw on the audience, but not so mind-bending as you might first have thought. Three.

In Retrospect: Momentarily enlightening, but then you realise that it's just a load of nonsense upon nonsense. Two.



IMAGINE AT WALK
THROUGH THE
CRUSADERS

ORLANDO BLOOM
AND JUDY LAW
IN THE
CRUSADERS

THE 100TH

SHARON STONE
HOT! HOT!

WILLIAM BAKER
MURDER, MURDER,
MURDER!

Admission is hardly in the vein of Boyle's *Shallow Grave* or *28 Days Later*. Equally, it's the polar opposite of *Trainspotting*. But just as the harsh reality of a Scottish health-addict fight with drug abuse was at times surreal, in both its direction and its content, *Memento* has its moments of barroom, albeit in a rather starker context and a slightly lighter comical world. In short, Boyle's changed tack.

Having moved home, seven-year-old Denzin seeks solace in a make-shift haven of cardboard boxes in a bid to distance himself from his new one-parent family status (occupied by dad, James Heavitt). Partially, aching bank-broke modestly delivers a substantial donation directly down his cardboard chimney. And here the trouble begins. The deeply religious Denzin convinces himself that the money falls from heaven. Our winking dreamtime sequences of our favourite biblical characters advising him on the most pious method of distributing this wealth for the greater good. Cue Robin Hood-esque minor miracles to help the newly blind Heavitt, ably assisted by Denzin, decide upon a more appropriate plan of action—somewhat closer to home. All this with the endearing time restrictions of an innocent child to the film's transcending this heavenly-based Denzin's marvellous grin. **B+**

seen in her evocative blue-screen appearances on *The 40 Glocks Show*, leaves you half expecting her to interject with an offensive gag directing somewhat from her important role of family inhibitor. Meekie, despite a *Memento* recent suspiciously featuring an Australian girl in a typically well-performed, while Alice Blair's Denzin is at times majestic and at others rigid. But it's all good, honest work and it fits the film's feel.

The exception of a make-shift den the imagery lends the seeming incomprehension of the threat of the bank robbers returning for their last—Boyle's work transforms them into something greater than the whole. A surreal tale on the bank robbery and family finally themes. The film struggles only slightly in terms of plot consistency. But the minimalist and colourful wonder injected into it throughout manage to carry it through. **Adequate choice.**

Anticipation: Boyle's gritty succession as a star theme.

Enjoyment: Personally preplanning and sporadically special. First time I've seen *St. Francis of Assisi* cast as a film. **Fair.**

In Retrospect: Much a steady afternoon. **Three.**



Based on HQ Blevins' novel *Friday Night Lights* is an intelligent study of a town's obsession with its high school football team. Blevins, a Pulitzer-prize-winning journalist, quit his day job to research the novel, leaving it to writers first-hand the pressures that the town placed on its legendary team, the Permian Panthers.

With gritty documentary-style direction, helmer Peter Berg subtly hugs the book's football vibe

by keenly presenting themes of sacrifice, pride and parents and failure as the Permian's dignified coach (Jeff Brubaker) finds his ambitions for the team weighed by an understanding of the elder side of competitive sport.

He even taps into Blevins' allusion to Greek legend, the hero depicted by hubris, the battle, sacrifice for the community mortals achieving immortality through heroism: "You gotta think of this

as kids going off to war," says the writer "facing inside kids going off to an early death, metaphorically."

But if that sounds like typical Oscar-baiting bullshit, it's one truly qualified by the movie's other more subversive theme articulated by Coach Garret: "It's much difference between winning and losing except how the outside world treats you. We all dig our own holes."

This edgy message that victory is transitory, doesn't all comfortably

THIRTEEN CONVERSATIONS ABOUT ONE THING

'Chance', 'fate', 'destiny' or whatever you label it, guides us through every turn in life. It can make one man a lottery winner, another man a serial killer.

This is the central concept behind *Thirteen Conversations About One Thing*. All Sprecher's multi-stranded asphyxiated feature about a collection of characters coming to different conclusions about these mysterious forces and finding happiness in the modern world.

Gene is a claims-checker based in his job, but desperately holding out for a promotion. When he is passed over, he becomes exasperated by a colleague's unrelenting good mood and finds him. Alan Arkin is awarded in his own weary role, and this is clearly the film's strongest theme—a fascinating examination of two people's perspectives on a good

fortune. The problem is that, in comparison, many of the other plot lines feel straggled in in order to sustain the hour and a half hour running time. Although Torture and McConaughey put in thought-provoking performances whenever Arkin's resigned bemused gaze is off screen, the film misses its beguiling slow flow and loses drive.

These characters, from the wealthy to the wealthy, inhabit very different worlds. The screen involving Matthew McConaughey's attorney, we glimpse a splash of American Psycho-like extravagance, while the environment John Torture's physics lecturer lives in is hewn of sturdy beams and cheap hotel rooms. Sprecher keeps the dialogue tapering in and out of narration, using these powerful sound-bites to add little hints towards his tale. A high-flying attorney reaches off about his

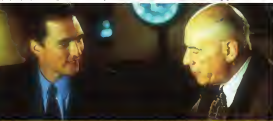
happiness at one moment, only to suffer a devastating accident the next that will permeate through his and his victim's lives. Still, with slight bogging down the dialogue, Sprecher overplays her hand in this game-of-chance narrative. As a result, it often feels a little preachy—a bit too perfectly coincidental.

Nevertheless, *Thirteen Conversations* is a well thought-out ensemble piece sure to linger long after the credits roll. **B+**

Anticipation: *Thirteen Conversations* arrived with little fanfare. **One.**

Enjoyment: Rock-solid performances all round. **Three.**

In Retrospect: Putting together the film's eclectic narrative into a sequence is an additional journey. **Three.**



match upon heroes because opposition, one of our heroes even states, "I love you guys!"

So, while *Friday Night Lights* is a superior coming-of-age film about the harshness of the 'real world', its strongest punches seem pulled. **James Brubaker.**

Enjoyment: *Friday Night Lights* is a fine film and should be taught in the schools to experience the movie, the actors, and those lights. **Four.**

In Retrospect: Despite its failure, a fine film and should be taught in the schools to experience the movie, the actors, and those lights. **Four.**

Anticipation: If you're an American football fan, one of the many documentaries who have seen the book, it's a

DIG!

STYLING: ANTON NEWCOMBE
COURTESY: DUNDY
TAYLOR, NEWCOMBE
AND JONAS
ARLINGTON

ANTON
NEWCOMBE
TAYLOR

You may initially see *DIG* as a documentary which zeroes in on the conception of two American bands, both with in their obsessive zeal, but very different in terms of commercial success. Upon closer inspection, the film reveals itself as a disturbingly intimate portrait of a one-man ego trip, a merciless travel through world of drugs, music, sabotage, misogyny and ultimately violence. Anton Newcombe is lead singer, songwriter, multi-instrumentalist and producer of west coast 60s revival band, The Brian Jonestown Massacre. He is insane.

We join Newcombe and his band three albums into their fledgling career. Early albums include *Three Seasons Mystique*, *Second Request*, *Take God For Mental Abuse*, and *Take It From The Man*. Upon hearing a copy of the album *Ruler O.K.* by Portland psyche-rock combo, The Dandy Warhols, Newcombe eagerly declared them the best band he'd ever heard and potential naming rates in his much touted "musical revolution". Whereas Courtney Taylor, lead singer/songwriter of The Dandys, shared a similar Rock 'n' Roll schizomania (which greatly endeared him to Newcombe), he knew when it was time to put down the tape and needles and have a measured stab at fame and success. When Newcombe came to realise that The Dandys were consciously seeking commercial fortune, he became consumed with envy. His life and the life of the GJM turned into a jealous cat-and-mouse game.

Further dug-out in the pursuit of pure artistic integrity, integrity that he felt the Dandys had forsaken in their pursuit of a mainstream tasteless life.

With *DIG*, director Girdi Timoner has captured a moment in time on a par with Jacob Zupnik's earlier footage of the Kennedy assassination. That is not to say they share the same historical relevance, but the fact that she actually held the foresight to get the cameras rolling when all this was occurring is as revealing as it is implausible. This is a revelatory snapshot of the music industry at once scary and fascinating, but also revealing much about the commerce involved in maintaining a band and the resultant internal wrangles.

Timoner's camera is always pointed at the places and the people that you hope it would be. It might just be a case of right place, right time, but what a place and what a time. An early scene shows Taylor and Newcombe sitting together in the front of a tour bus. The Dandy's had just recorded their drug-pop anthem "Not If You Were The Last Junkie On Earth" and Taylor, plays a copy of it on the car stereo. Newcombe hears it and kills deathly silent. Taylor's answer is palpable. The shot is then expertly coupled with a later scene in which Taylor, having recently signed a major record deal with Capitol, joins his now bitter friend Newcombe on their tour of the Deep South. This time Newcombe wants Taylor to hear his new song, "Not If You Were The Last Dandy On Earth", which openly

incites the content of Taylor's track. Although Taylor takes the child-like jags with a pinch of art, Newcombe seals in his own selfishness. It's an amazingly cold piece of filmmaking.

The film is narrated in a despatch driven by Courtney Taylor himself, which serves to concentrate most of the screen time on Newcombe. Although Taylor is not given a free ride (he has a monster flypig at video director David LaChapelle), the fact that he does the narration at all suggests the filmmakers are ganging up and collectively scoffing at Newcombe. Taylor claims repeatedly that he still thinks of Newcombe as a "massive genius" and a "great friend", which is difficult to swallow seeing as Newcombe at the height of his journey, mailed each Dandy Warhol a ballot with their name on it. From then on, the true of the film (satisfyingly) turns in on Newcombe's self-destructive character whilst presenting the Dandy's apparently efforts to fight into the shelves of 340,000 music videos and European tours.

Newcombe's unfeeling gale and unpredictable behaviour are the most disturbing elements of the film and are tactfully represented with the use of various different film stocks, lenses and colour saturations. It is Newcombe's hate his personal vision that presents a career trajectory emerging for the band. Every time they are given a break, in concert for various record execs in Liza Viper Room being the most prominent, you know it's only a matter of time until he ingrates

and ruins everything. His volatile persona did so much to hinder the band's progress as it did to create the official legend. Indeed, the fellow members of the GJM become so wary of his destructiveness that when they were finally offered a record deal, they sent spaced out timbucurine player Joel Gion to seal the deal.

Was it drugs? Yes, the GJM were at times into some really heavy shit, but it is revealed in later interviews that Newcombe is an arrogant whilst clean as he is when duped up to the eyes. So many "great rock tragedies" of which this is almost certainly one) conclude that it was drugs which finally grazed the Brenna's pole to Hades (just Hendrix, Kurt Cobain, Tim The Remoner, The Sex Pistols etc.) With Newcombe the suggestion is altogether clearer this is just who he is. David Jenkins

Anticipation

Newcombes are as dull and stretched but given the history of these two bands this seemed unlikely. - *Steve*

Enjoyment

Anton lives in a different world to the rest of us. It's fascinating to visit for couple of hours. - *Paul*

In Retrospect

A weird trip in the mind of a madman and how even today the oldest rock n' roll shenanigans alive and well. - *Paul*



An interview with Ondi Timoner, director of Dig!

Ondi Timoner is pretty rock and roll. This is a woman who spent seven years filming two of the most dynamic bands of the nineties. Her original plan was to spend a year following ten bands on the verge of getting signed, to study the relationship between musicians and the industry. When Timoner met The Jesus Christ Music and The Dandy Warhols and knew she had to go no further.

"I met The Jesus Christ Music in San Francisco and knew immediately they were perfect for the film; larger than life. They extended the perfect rock and roll fantasy."

In The Dandy Warhols' front man Courtney Taylor, Timoner saw a contrast to The G.U.M. lead singer Anton. "They were convinced they were rock stars but were more mischievous and I thought they were more likely to be famous, successful, and really enjoy it."

As The Dandy Warhols achieved commercial success and Anton became increasingly drunk-out, Timoner says her intention was neither to portray Anton as a monster or a hero, but that when she showed a few close friends a first cut of the film they all said the same thing: "Great footage, great story, but we can't stand the main protagonist and no-one is going to watch this film because he's such an asshole."

"I saw seven or eight motion pictures at the time," she recalls, "and didn't have time to overhaul the whole thing that was when I most wanted to give up and I cried a lot."



As I look out on him of his drunken stuff and added a few forty minutes which showed why this guy's sympathetic and important to watch. All the comments I had for Anton over the years, I dug deep to get out again. Obviously none of my judgment of him as a person being too early on there. I'm not a personal fan of him anymore. I'm kind of him and he's not a personal fan of mine either."

When an excited Timoner called to tell him the finished film had got in to Sundance, Anton's response was characteristically unpredictable. He told me I'd fucked up. I asked if he'd heard me right and he just said, "You didn't close the music rights, say goodbye to your own college education."

Nevertheless, BMJ recently are selling out American record stores and after seeing *Dig!*, Perry Farrell has invited him to perform at Lollapalooza.

For her own part she's still reeling at the film's success. "I thought maybe some wannabes would watch it on their terms," she laughs. "I never thought it would end up at HBO." —**Joe Patten**



THE CONSEQUENCES OF LOVE

THE CONSEQUENCES OF LOVE
STARRING TONI GARDIA
RELEASED TODAY

AVAILABLE
ON VIDEO
TODAY

Estranged from his family,

and with only a packet of cigarettes for company, Tito of Gardia's life in an anonymous Swiss hotel is lonely and intolerant. But for the seductive cinematography that maps out his existence (it's pretty damn unexciting too), Gubbly and steadily, however. Sorrentino reveals clues about the moral of Tito's past, leading us until the arrival of a sophisticated woman brings disturbing details and the hotel connections that underpin them.

At times frustratingly slow, *The Consequences Of Love* could be criticized for its meandering lack of action. But by staying away from the familiar violence that usually defines the mob movie genre, Sorrentino lights a slow-burning fuse that promises to detonate at any moment.

Its chilling power is evoked by Toni Gardia's beautifully underplayed performance: the hotel's placid, impassivity and the painful mundanity of Tito's existence.

And Tenney

Anticipation: Few will under the radar. **One**

Enjoyment: The few who will, beautiful camera work and a series of clues to work through are consistently engaging. **Three**

In retrospect: Sorrentino with the slow pace and you'll reap the reward of a cracking finale. An unusual and memorable take on the Mob. **Three**

THE JACKET

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM A CONVERSATION THAT TOOK PLACE IN HEDD LONDON, 20 MINUTES AFTER A FEW SCENES FROM THE JACKET. IF YOU CAN MAKE ANY SENSE OF IT, THEN GOOD LUCK TO YOU.

ALICE: I thought they handled the future thing very well.
FRANK: Mmm.

A: I thought it was interesting that they set it in 1999. And then the future was 2007, but that's only two years away now. So it's pretty easy for them to get the future right in this film because it's only two years away from us.

F: No hover boards.

A: Did you get that thing at the end?

I don't know how much I can say... It's all to do with the past and the future and knowing that as soon as you start messing with the past, it affects the future. I thought they handled that well, but you never know where you are in these films.

F: No, but I thought that it concluded quite nicely in the end without them explicitly saying what happened.

A: It was a bit of a copy ending.

F: First date movie. Considering you've got it set in a mental hospital and references to old-year-olds being sodomised - risky subjects.

A: But it does turn out quite well. Perfect first date movie.

F: The start of the film was all over the place. It gave me a headache.

A: It was really confused.

SELECTED
AT THE
SCREENLEY

STORY AND SCREENPLAY BY
FRANK KOPPELMAN
DIRECTED BY
ALICE WALKER

**GRANT:ELLIPSE: TONIC:ROE
TALKS:**

F: The Gulf war stuff with night vision should have a health warning for epileptics. Gulf war syndrome must be quite a strange thing for people. You don't really know what's going on.

A: "Everyone in the Gulf war is a psychopath." I'm not sure that's a good message to be sending out to the kids.

FRANK: TONIC:ROE:

A: And Canada's not grim, it's got lovely people in it.

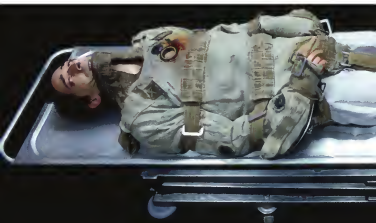
F: There's nothing for a thousand miles but a cafe and a mental asylum. Have you seen *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*? It's a lot like that. But in real mental homes

it's a lot more entertaining. Maybe it's different in Canada?

A: I don't know about entertaining. I don't think psychosis is anything to laugh about. These people scare the hell out of me. I really don't like... my aunt helps people with mental disabilities and I really don't like it. They had the right balance in that home between the funny ones and the people who looked quite funny and did funny things and also the... I find it quite depressing that people behave like that.

F: I don't think it was supposed to be a comedy though.

A: Maybe old people's homes and mental institutions should have a lot more funny characters in them.
FRANK: TONIC:



Paul Smith
WATCH



USE TWO
RECTANGLES TO DO
IT'S A LOVELY PART
OF A LOVELY MAP
TWO I CALL IT.

THE

BACK SECTION

DESIGNED WITH THE
SCHEDULE OF FINGERS
BY ADRI LONDOVOSTA

CHAPTER FIVE

IN WHICH WE DISCUSS THE
MEDIUM OF FILM IN ITS MANY-
SPLENDOURED FORMS

There isn't no
Hollywood, honey.

Interview by David Jenkins

AS IS, ARGENTO'S CHASE IS AS VALUED AND UNDISPUTABLE AS HER NEW FILM. THE BEAST IS AN ANTI-STAR ABOVE ALL THINGS. SHE DISTURBED HER DOGMA 91 INSPIRED DAUGHTER PIERRE IN 1989 AND HAS MOVED IN FILMS OF BETTY MIDCHWET GUNNE, RISING FROM HER FATHER. DAVID ARGENTO'S LITTLE BIT DOGMA FILMS IS BEING AND THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA TO ACTION FILMS SUCH AS THE ALONGSIDE HIM DOGMA. PHOTOGRAPHY, AUTHOR, FOR THE AND MOTHER, THE BEAST OF DOGMA. IS DEFINITELY A FILM WHICH AT THE VERY LEAST, EMBRACES THERE MANT ART

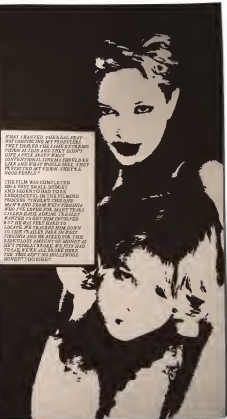
FORMS AND BLESSFUL PAGES FORMS WITH NARRATIVE FILM FORMS. LIKE CONTEMPORARIES SUCH AS HARMONY KOSLINE, LARS VON TRIER AND LUKAS MOHRENS, THE PRICE OF MODERNISM CAN'T BE TO A CLASH. WALLING FOR EVERY FLAUNT CLAIMING ARGENTO HAS CREATED A HEART-BREAKING MASTERS OF THE ARTS. A MOTHER CALLING IT "THE BEAST OF DOGMA, DESTROYING AND COLLAPSE. "I'M BECAUSING AND MOVING. DON'T SAY I'M AN ARTIST BECAUSE THE WORLD MIGHT MEET ME."

ARGENTO TEARS FOR THE DAYS WHEN PEOPLE LESS WERE FILMING TO PERSONALITY A FILM FOR ITS STYLE OR CONTENT. "YES, MR. MONTREAL FILM AND NOT EVEN A GUY'S PLEASURE I LEARN A LOT FROM THE TWO MATERIALS. IN THE END, THEY WERE ABLE TO INCORPORATE HIGH ART INTO THIS KIND OF ENTERTAINMENT. IT'S AMAZING TO THINK THAT IN THE 60s, ITALIAN DIRECTORS LIKE FELLINI, BIELLI AND ANTONIONI WERE DOING MOVIES THAT WERE COMPLETELY ART, COMPLETELY ARTIST, COMPLETELY FREE FROM A MORE ACTUAL PUTTING UP LOT OF MONEY AND REMOVED ACT OF BEING DOWN TO EARTH. FILM ARTIST, AND TODAY THERE ARE NO DIRECTORS WHO ARE COMMERCIAL AND SO EXTREME AT THE SAME TIME."

CLEAN SMOKING CAMEL LIGHTS ON A RED VELVET SOFA, ARGENTO'S BEASTY IS ALMOST PERSONAL, A NEW AND FAMILIAR THING. THREE EYES WERE ON. SHE'S REFLEXIVELY FORWARD UNTIL NOW SHE FEELS AGAIN HER WIFE. "I'M FIRST BECAUSE WITH THE ARTIST A COUPLE OF DAYS BEFORE FILMING BECAUSE AT I'D HAD TWO THINGS THE SAME TONING AND THE SAME PHOTOGRAPHY I'D HAD IN MY MIND WHEN I WROTE THE MOVIE. I THINK I GOT A LOT OF

"I'M FIRST BECAUSE THE BEAST WAS CONTINUING MY PROGRESS. THEY THOUGHT THE SAME EXTREME FILM AS I DID AND THEY DIDN'T GET A FEEL ABOUT BEAST. CONVENTIONAL CINEMA IS THE SAME LIFE AND WHAT WOULD BE. THEY PROTECTED MY FILM. THEY'RE GOOD PEOPLE."

THE FILM WAS COMPLETED IN A VERY SMALL BUDGET AND ARGENTO HAD TO BE LINGUISTIC. IN THE FILMING PROCESS "I WOULD TAKE ONE MAN'S AND FROM WEST FINDING. WHO I'D BECAUSE FOR MANY YEARS CALLED BEAST. BEING THE BEAST WANTED TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY. I WAS FIRST HARD TO LOCATE. HE TRACKED HIM DOWN TO THE TRAILER. I WAS IN THE TRAILER AND HE STAYED FOR THE ENTIRE AMOUNT OF MONEY AT HIS TRAILER. BECAUSE HE HAD TO BE. WE'RE ALL BECAUSE FOR TWO DAYS. NO HOLLYWOOD MONEY." TOO RIGHT.





LEST WE
FORGET...

WE COULDN'T QUITE SCORCH
HIS FILM ON RELEASE INTO
THE MAGAZINE THIS ISSUE, SO
HERE'S SOME OF THE GOOD
STUFF LIKE WE MISSED

IT'S COMEDIES AND SEX THIS
MONTH. THE DARK KNIGHT
RETURNS AS CROOK TIAN BAILE
IN CHRIS NOLAN'S SHADOWY
BATMAN BEGINNING. SPITFIRE
MAESTRO WED MULLER
RETURNS WITH HIS THE GUY
REX. THOMAS HARRIS
RETURNS FROM SILENCER
FOR A REMARKABLE
PERFORMANCE
IN THE BEST THRILLER
YET.

ALRIGHT ALRIGHT NOW THE SEX

SPUNKY GROT DOCUMENTARY
THESE 7 EXAMINES THE CLASSIC
700 POUND CHRIST IMPRISONMENT
DENIMIER TILLY IN JEOP OF CRUCKY
PARIS HILTON AND ELIHA CATTHERY
WARM EFFORT FILM IN HILSON
SILVERER BOUT OF SEX

DID WE MENTION ELLIOT HAS
A NEW FILM OUT THIS GOOD

TV SPOT

**SURE -
Street City**

THEIR NEW TV SPOT IS PERFECTLY UNDERPLAYED, AND LET'S FACE IT - IF EVERYONE MADE THEIR WAY TO WORK BY SLAPPING ON TO THE TOP OF A MOVING BUS, INSTEAD OF WAITING

AROUND IDLE, SIMPLY THIS WORLD WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE!



Elisba Cuthbert

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS KIM CREEK. BACK IN 1991, MANY WOULD ARGUE THAT ELISBA CUTHBERT WAS WORSE THAN JUST THE WINDOW DRESSING OF 24. YEA, SHE DID TEND TO CLOUT UP IN THE MOST ANNOYING AND RIDICULOUS SCENARIOS, BUT THESE THINGS HAPPEN TO THE BEST OF US. ONLY THIS MORNING, I FOUND MYSELF BEING CHASED BY AN IRATE EMPLOYEE, A MUSLIM FUNDAMENTALIST, DENNIS HOPPER, AND A PANTHER. BEATFORD THIS MONTH IN HOSTS OF FOLK, CUTHBERT HAS TRY TO PROVE HERSELF AS BETTER THAN JUST A DUMB & DOZEN SCREAM QUEEN (OR IN THE CASE OF FAN CLUB AWAY! DOOR, UNWITTINGLY) BUT THEN IT NEVER HARMED JONNY LEECH'S CAREER.





TRAILERS

TRAILER, ANY MORE BUTTER IN THE CINEMA THAN ON YOUR PLATE. ON-SALT LAPPING STILL, IF YOU'RE THEN RECEIVING THE NOT THIS MONTH, YOU MIGHT HAVE STIMULATED ACCORDING TO THE NEW TRAILERS WITH CLIMBED FROM MIDDLEBROS. FIRST ACTION AND DARK MYSTERY, MICHAEL TAYLOR THE ISLAND IS BREAKING THROUGH BARRIERS WITH ALL THE LOOK OF A SLICKER SMUGGLER HIT JERRY BRONCO'S FORTNIGHT GOT A WHOPPING PLEASURE LIKE ME TRAILER, SHOWING OFF SPECTACULAR EFFECTS, PUNCHY ONE-LINERS AND, WELL, PROBABLY ALL THE OTHER GOOD BITS FROM THE FILM. DISCOVERING THAT THE MEAN OCCASIONS HAVE THEY TOWN DOWN ENOUGH MONEY AT THE CO IN RIDER ADVENTURES THE LONG, THE WICH AND THE FIVE DASHES CAN LAKE KNIGHTLEY CONFINE WITH A MACHINERY IN EIGHTY-FOUR ACTIONER SUMMERS WILL, ANYONE WANT TO SEE HEATH LEDGER AS A BROT IN SLATE'S PLATE LORDS OF DOGPOW? AND WILL BOYLE MOVING CATTLE BE AS GOOD AS FOR THE FIRST LITTLE HAS THE ANSWER NO, MATTE, NO, NO



NOTE, THE MIGHT NOT RECOGNISE HIM AT FIRST, THE MOST NOTABLE APPEARANCE THIS WAS PLAYING ALAN TRACY IN THE BROTHERS OF THE MIND, BUT IN A CANNY CHOICE OF CLOTHES, CORBETT CAN BE SEEN THIS MONTH IN THE FIVE BETTER AFTERMATHS AND IN MORE THAN ONE A MACHINERY CORBETT STILL DID TO RESEMBLE HIMSELF OF KIRKOR FILM MACHINERY, CORBETT PLAYS BRIAN, A CHARACTER WITH SOME SERIOUS IDENTITY PROBLEMS

DVDS

Compiled by Adrian Danford

Project A Box Set

ONCE UPON A TIME IN HONG KONG THREE LOVED A YOUNG MAN CALLED JACKIE CHAN. HE'D TRIED TO BREAK AMERICA BUT FAILED. THEN HE MADE A KICK ASS MOVIE CALLED PROJECT A, A LANDMARK IN HONG KONG MARTIAL ARTS FILM AND THE FIRST MOVIE TO DEBARK THE LEGENDARY "THREE BROTHERS" JACKIE CHAN, SAMMO HUNG, AND YIP TAO. A TYPICALLY ENTERTAINING CAPER FILLED WITH FLOOD FIGHTS AND BUNT-TAKING ACTION, THIS IS CHAN AT HIS BEST. EXTRAS: FILM COMMENTARY, INTERVIEWS, OUT TAKES, AND A DOCUMENTARY



Four Films By Lukas Moodysson

INCE WE LOSE TWO TEENAGE GIRLS FROM DIFFERENT SIBS OF THE TRUCK FILL IN LOVE IN A DEAD END SWEDISH TOWNSHIP LOW KEY SIMPLE HEARTBREAKING. TONIGHTER THE BETTY BOOP/THE AND SOCIAL MOROS OF A GLOOMY OF HOPPERATING TONIGHTER IN A SWEDISH COMEDY (WHITE SLIPS) DURING THE SEVENTIES A STORM THROUGH THE STYL OF TWO SMALL CHILDREN. ORIGINAL HILARIOUS BRILLIANT LIKE A FEEL A YOUNG RUSSIAN GIRL FOLLOWING HER DREAMS IS UNDENIABLY LOVED INTO THE SIX TRADA EMOTIONALLY WHENOTING, HONEST, CAPTIVATING. A GLOOMY MY ALMAH A BOY FILM AT A TOWN IN HIS PLAY WITH HIS BEST MATE AND A FAILED HIS BROODER ENTERTAINING EXPLICIT, SHOCKING, COMPLEX. EXTRAS: A VASTLY SMOOGEARDED INCLUDING MOODYSSON'S FIRST SHORT FILM, AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DIRECTOR AT THE LONDON FILM FESTIVAL, TRAILERS, AND TALKING FOR LINDSEY AND AMENDY GORGE. TOOLKUP STUFFED



Beckett on Film

A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF STAMINA AND CONCENTRATION IS REQUIRED FOR THIS BECKETT MARATHON. WITH FILM ADAPTATIONS OF ALL 36 OF BECKETT'S PLAYS, THE BOXSET ON FILM BOX SET LISTS ALMOST 11 HOURS IN TOTAL AND IS AN EXTENSIVE EXHIBITION OF THE ENTIRE THEATRICAL WORKS OF ONE MAN SLAP - BUT SETTABLE FOR A LATE SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON THE 90s.

DESIRABLE EACH DIRECTOR STICKING TO BECKETT'S EXACTING STAGE DIRECTIONS EACH INDIVIDUAL FILM MANAGES TO BE SURPRISINGLY INDEPENDENT, WITH EACH DIRECTOR BRINGING THE SENSE OF BECKETT TO THEIR ATTITUDE.

THE COLLECTION ALLOWS THE FINDER A FANTASTIC OVERVIEW OF BECKETT'S WORKS AND IN PARTICULAR A CHANCE TO RE-SEE THE 8 PLAYS OF THE TRAP, WAITING FOR GODOT, WHICH ARE NOT SO OFTEN SEEN IN THE THEATRE.

FOR THOSE UNFAMILIAR WITH HIS WORK, IT IS A MUCH MORE ACCESSIBLE ENTRY INTO HIS THEATRICAL WORLD. OR AT THE VERY LEAST A CHANCE TO IMPROVE FRIENDS SMOKING THROUGH YOUR FILM COLLECTION.

Eva Green

THIS MONTH, THE DUELING MISTRESS OF THE ACTHOUSE UNDERWORLD GOES ALL MAINTENANCE ON MIDLEY BOOTS' KINOLIN SPREADER. GREEN'S BOSS IN SPECTACULAR CHAMBERS PEEK, THE SPANISH BRAWLERS HER DUTIES VANGUARD LINE. AFRAL, WITH VANGUARD GOOD LOOKS AND A KEEF ACTING STYLE THAT MAKES HER TO A FORMER JELLY BEAN, NOW, HERE'S A GAL WHO CAN FRANK DOWN HOLLYWOOD BOUNTYWARD, SAFE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT

THESE LITTLE BITCHES AND DOORMAT WAITING FOR HER RACE IN HER ELATED FASH



THE FUTUREHEADS — Decent Days And Nights

THE FUTUREHEADS (A FILM FORTNITE AT 2.10 PM) WRITERS WITH ANOTHER PERFECT SLICE OF BANG-BANG BOON, AND AN EXCELLENT TIME TO ACCOMPANY IT LOOK OUT FOR THE 'WIND' ON 7 MINUTE 12 — SURELY THE BEST SET ON THE ALLEYS



EVENTS

WHAT DATE TRY THE SHORTEST FILM FESTIVAL HELD IN WARWICK OVER THE WEEKEND OF 7TH-8TH JUNE! THE CHALLENGE TO FILMMAKERS IS TO PRODUCE A VIDEO OF A MAXIMUM OF 7 MINUTES LONG, IN 14 HOURS. EASY TOO SAY THE CATCH WITH EACH ENTRY MUST INCLUDE A SET OF PRATINK WHICH WILL NOT BE REVEALED UNTIL THE FIRST DAY AS WELL AS SELECTING THE BEST FILM IN THE COMPETITION. THERE WILL ALSO BE AWARDS FOR BEST DIRECTOR, BEST SCRIPT, BEST CINEMATOGRAPHY, BEST MUSICAL SOUNDTRACK AND BEST ACTING. FURTHER INFORMATION CAN BE FOUND ON WWW.WARWICK.AC.UK/SHORTS/WWF/WWFACKSHORTS.HTM

INVERTOMOTION, AN INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FILM AND TELEVISION AIMED AT CHILDREN, STUDENTS AND YOUNG PEOPLE IS BEING HELD IN THE SHOWROOM CINEMA IN OXFORD THIS YEAR. FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE FESTIVAL WILL BE AWARDED A UNICEF UK PRIZE FOR BEST FILM, A COMPETITION WHICH IS OPEN TO FILMMAKERS FROM AROUND THE WORLD. ALTHOUGH THE PRIZE FOR FILMMAKERS HAS PASSED, THE EVENT PROVIDES SOME INTERESTING VIEWING MATERIAL, SO TO CHECK OUT THE TALENT HEAD TO SOUTH OXFORD'S FIRST CITY BETWEEN 15TH JUNE AND 17TH JULY.

Max Def

DON'T BELIEVE THE
ANTI-HEP - MUG OUT

WE'VE GOOD IN ALTHOUGH'S GUIDE IT WAS A SEVERAL STORY OF THE PERFORMANCES AND HIS DEBATES SOME PRAISE. I LOVE A STREET FIGHT THE OTHER DAY OVER IT SERIOUSLY HIS REAL NAME DANTE HENRI SMITH BUT HIS THREE STALLING IN THE OBLIVION OF EARLY EPISODES OF THE COURT MISTAKES AND OF COURSE WAS RELEASED A SLEW OF CRITICALLY APPRAISED ALBUMS HE MANAGED TO CONVERT HIS AGINGLY INTERIOR RAPPING STYLE AS BEEN BEST ON HIS ALBUM 'HAR' TO HIS BELIE IN THE PROCEMAN WAKES HE DELIVERED THE STAND OUT PERFORMANCE OF A VERY ACCOMPLISHED CAST WITH THE FOX-LUP UP TO THE TOLMAN JOE IN THE WICKS, MUG OUTS NOW A TRIPLE THREE IN THE MOVIE THE INDUSTRY OF POP MUSIC.

POLYNESIA AND LOT 70 FRIENDS) NOT JUST A FILM FESTIVAL, THESE TWO WEEKS ARE ABOUT CINEMA IN ITS ENTIRETY BASED IN LUTON. THE EVENT AIMS TO FILL THE LOT OF MONTHS GOING WITH THE SCOPE OF FILMMAKING TO CREATE ONE SIMULTANEOUS EXPERIENCE. THE FULL PROGRAMME HAS NOT YET BEEN ANNOUNCED, BUT JUDGING BY PAST YEARS THERE WILL BE AN EXTENSIVE SELECTION OF FILM SHORTS, DOCUMENTARIES AND FEATURES, ALONG WITH A SCREEN TO BE REVEALED SHORTLY. VISIT WWW.POLYNESIA.CO.UK FOR FURTHER DETAILS.



CHAPTER SIX

FUTURE PERFECT — A LOOK
AHEAD TO THE BEST MOVIES
COMING YOUR WAY



LAST DAYS
THIS ROCKLENS
MICHAEL 1995

20 Manderlay

(Dir. Lars Von Trier)

Kerry took the idea of lending emotional body-blows with the latest Lars Von Trier film something they could do without on a Friday night at the Flicks. Takes note when people are not your friends. Set on the tail of the outstanding Dogville, *Manderlay* is a story of slavery in 1930s America and looks set to ruffle a few eighth-way feathers. It's also been rumored that people have been selling their children to get tickets to the premiere at this year's Cannes. **Expected late 1995**

19 Charlie And The Chocolate Factory

(Dir. Tim Burton)

A screenwriter of the 1971 version of Dahl's children's classic, we're anticipating another Regie madness treat (think *PANAMA OF THE CARIBBEAN*) to give *Wilder's* screenwriter a run for its money. Expect the true vision of Dahl's sugary-sweet factory never to finally be realized courtesy of Burton's vivid imagination when it hits the screen this summer. **Expected July 1995**

18 V For Vendetta

(Dir. James McTeigue)

Based on the graphic novel by Alan Moore and starring Natalie Portman, this is the opportunity the Wachowskis' need to attach their names to something truly real philosophical enough after *THE MATRIX*. Cliff notes: Not against the futuristic landscapes of *Metropolis* or *Blade Runner*, *V for Vendetta* has slipped into the shoes of "V" - a masked vigilante who is part G.I. Joe, part Raffles and all gentleman. **Expected November 1995**

17 Last Days

(Dir. Gus Van Sant)

Inspired by and based upon the last days of the tumultuous life of Cobain, Van Sant's apocryphal tale stars Michael Pitt as a Seattle based singer/songwriter struggling with life. Expect Van Sant to shock the spiraling demise with documentary-like despatchment. **Expected September 1995**

16 Kiss, Kiss, Bang, Bang

(Dir. Shane Black)

Shane Black's screenwriting gigs on *LEthal Weapon 4* & *The Last Action Hero* suggest a directorial debut about a thief (Denzel Washington) who finds himself in the middle of a murder investigation along with a detective (Kiefer Sutherland) and his high school dream girl. Expect an action adventure comedy with the ubiquitous plot-twist. **Expected October 1995**

15 Babel

(*Dir. Alejandro González Iñárritu*)
FOUR INTERWEAVING VOICES
link an American, Mexican,
Russian and Japan-
ese, beginning with a tragedy
marking a sacred origin
(Pitt and Blanchett) on
vacation. Currently filming
in Mexico and to enter the
competition line of *There's
a Part of Me* (Goretti, *There's
a Part of Me*), then should be
immaculately
shot. All that remains to
be seen is whether Iñárritu
can keep his hands off his
leading lady. **Expected 1998**

14 Watchmen

(*Dir. Paul Greengrass*)
At the time of writing
Watchmen, based on Alan
Moore's acclaimed 1986
comic book series, is
soaring by a threat.
Greengrass (*The Bourne
Supremacy*) had a reported
fight to turn Moore's
women into reality
but again charge at
Paramount will put that
kind of budget under the
microscope. **Expected 1998**

13 Shark Boy and Lava Girl

(*Dir. Peter Jackson*)
Dressed up by Rodriguez's
seven-year-old son, *Shark
Boy and Lava Girl* are
young boy Mo's not-
so-imaginary, imaginary
friends who just happen to
be manifestations of a work-
They need Mo's help to
save these places. Looking
like a pre-school version
of the *It's a Wonderful Life*, expect an
order-of-magnitude visual feast.
Expected June 1998

12 Elizabeth Town

(*Dir. Catherine Yarrow*)
Only seven 17th-century
The *Wedding Planner* has
been back on Delia
Bloom's screen as one of
this year's most popular
series. The film will
finds Elizabeth Town in
this classically stylish
place to fall in love, a
historical. **Expected November 1998**



KING KONG
+ FRODO BAGGINS
+ GHOST

11 Wolf Creek

(*Dir. Greg McLean*)
Filmed in just over 30 days and with a budget of
around \$1 million (that's Australian dollars, thank
about fifty quid), *Wolf Creek* was one of the most
talked about films at Sundance. It's a horror movie
about human mutilation rarely seen on screen. Sounds nice.
Expected September 1998

10 The Black Dahlia

(*Dir. Brian De Palma*)
Aaron Eckhart has replaced Mark Wahlberg to play one
of the police officers investigating the 1947 Los Angeles
murder. Based on the book by James Ellroy, two cops
investigate the brutal murder of Elizabeth Berk,
quickly realizing the link to corruption within the
force. Filming has just begun in Bulgaria. **Expected 1999**

09 The Departed

(*Dir. Martin Scorsese*)
Hollywood has no qualms when it comes to singing out
half-decent Asian film for the masses. In the case of
The Departed, Martin Scorsese has chosen to follow up
The Aviator with a remake of 2002 Hong Kong mob classic
Infernal Affairs. Leonardo DiCaprio and Matt Damon
trade for Andy Lau and Tony Leung. If it's as good as
it is pretty, expect a gem. **Expected 1999**

08 The New World

(*Dir. Terrence Malick*)
It took a short time of the decade again. Terrence
Malick blesses the faithful with his third movie in
sharp green, then one a typically gorgeous-looking
exploration of the European adventure in Jamestown was
America. Filming has just begun. **Expected November 1998**

07 King Kong

(*Dir. Peter Jackson*)
There's only one thing better than a good monster
movie, and that's a monster movie directed by Peter
Jackson, starring Naomi Watts, Adrian Brody and Jack
Black, filmed in New Zealand and based on one of the
pioneering TV movies of its day. Not your alarm
clocker for December 14, King Kong's coming to town.
Expected December 1998

06 Zodiac

(*Dir. David Fincher*)
Fincher's attempt to bring the infamous San Francisco
serial killer closer to the big screen eventually
won't be the one in danger of losing its appeal as
a serial killer-movie director (Philip Adams, *Seven*)
John Gillenhill (*Seven Years*) and Robert Downey Jr.
(*Seven Years*) should help him keep us
on the edge of our seats. **Expected 1999**

05 A Scanner Darkly

(By Richard Linklater)

Linklater's all-star cast (Hawes, Hisselman, Kyburz, Downey Jr.) grapples with a tale of drug-addicted Americans in the grip of a narcotic apocalypse at the hands of a personality-splitting drug called Substance D. Don's hope at eluding Kowals' personality seeps into Don and away from Jerry Moskowitz. This should be worthy based on the production alone. **Expected 1994**

04 The Science of Sleep

(By Michel Gondry)

A man held captive within his own dream fights to regain consciousness and control his visions. Think Edward Scissorhands meets Don. Don's dream world is so surreal (Gondry) leads an appropriately surrealized work. Surely he be filmed in English and French as hope than as seen in his own quest, then loose track. **Expected 1995**

03 The Fountain

(By Darren Aronofsky)

High Jackson and Rachel Boone replace Aronofsky's initial pairing of Ditt and Elizabeth in this tale of apocalyptic love, death, spirituality, and fragility. Repeatedly connecting the antique fountain of youth, the film also depicts a Spanish-Boyan battle and a meeting with God. We can only hope Jackson leaves the species in the closet. **Expected 1995**

02 Oil

(By P.T. Anderson)

It's too early for any solid speculation over the new P.T. Anderson, but an sure as eggs an eggs, he'll be worth catching. Originally named Oil, where's tells that the nation's been changed to There Will Be Blood. Based on the 1907 novel "Oil!" "Oil!" by Upton Sinclair, then as P.T.'s book. Film not based on one of his own original screenplays. However, our stacks are well and truly disappointed. **Expected 1994/5**

01 Transformers

(By Michael Bay)

At long last. An opportunity to use the words "Optimus Prime" in an entirely non-sexual context. Take that, Charred. If perhaps the 1980s Bay franchise could provide the same Michael Bay's best effort after a couple of recent duds. With the potential for an effort-driven moviegoers, we feature a 90-minute version of the Optimus Prime. **Expected 1994**



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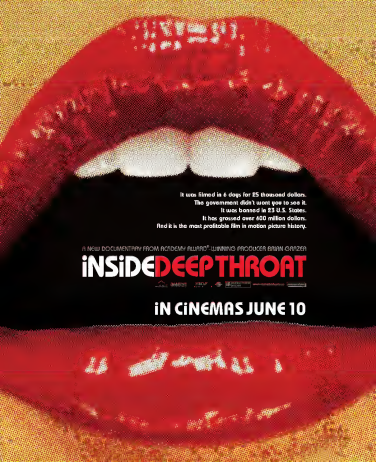
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







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